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REWARD OF A HERO

By LILIAN CHISHOLM

The guard fired as Alan put out a hand to take the cat in.

THE small man in the corner of the railway carriage wore a carnation. He wore, too, a certain rakish air that can never be mistaken.

It was very crowded, that carriage, and the air was so thick you could cut it with a knife. English-fashion, nobody spoke. Then——

"I been to a wedding," announced the small man—as if we hadn't guessed that obvious fact. "Fine turnout, too, for wartime. But then he deserved the best, Alan did."

Nobody asked him why Alan deserved the best, because nobody cared. But that didn't worry the small man. He leaned forward, hands on his knees, and surveyed us keenly.

"Alan was a conchie, you know—same as his dad afore him—just couldn't bear anything in the nature of a fight. 'Course, it didn't matter much afore the war—a chap could be what he liked, and nobody cared much; but everybody liked Alan, for all his queer ideas. He could play a good game of darts, and he knew how to handle a good bat, see? If he liked to hold that wars was wicked, and man shouldn't ever raise hand against man—well, who cared? You don't mind me telling you?"

Somebody murmured something vague, but that seemed enough for the small man.

"Well," he grinned, "that's O.K., then. Knew you'd be interested. Alan had a bit of a hobby, as you might call it—fair mad on cats, he was. Raised some pretty beauties, too, and won cups for them.

"The only thing else that Alan worried about was young Elsie down at the Elephant and Whistle. Not that you could blame him for that, mind you—as fine a girl as you could meet—a real beauty, and that sure of herself, you wouldn't believe. She could tackle any job as good as a man, and she hadn't no time for Alan's fancy talk.

"'Think I'd marry a man who wouldn't say "boo" to a goose?' she'd chip him, time and time again. 'You get out and get yourself a medal, lad, and I'll marry you right away.'

"Then along came the war, and things began to change a bit—but not so far as young Alan was concerned. He still stuck to his own opinions. Well, the youngster went before all these tribunals and things and offered to work on some Civil Defence work, or anything that would not go against his principles. But they wasn't having any—Alan was fit and healthy, and he must go into the Army, they told him.

"Afore he went he went to see Elsie and asked her, once more, to marry him. She looked at him, bright-like.

"'Look here, Alan,' she told him, as near lovable as he'd ever seen her, 'we both got a job to do, see? My promise stands. You get on with your job and make good at it, and then come back and ask me again. I'm not going to marry any man but a hero. You be a hero, boy, and I'll be your reward."

The small man chuckled.

"Well," prompted an elderly woman in the corner sharply, "did the young fool become a hero and marry his girl?"

"All in good time, Ma'am," replied the small man glibly. "Heroes ain't made overnight, whatever the books may say. Alan just didn't fit, and no power on earth could make him see that he ought to be fighting.

"He was sent out to France, and when that collapsed Alan was rounded up with a lot of other men and pushed into prison somewhere in the occupied zone. And then a funny thing happened. Something made Alan suddenly see the sense in the war. It's queer, how men suddenly see the light, as it were. He wrote home just afore it happened, the same old Alan, saying this war stuff was all wrong, and he had no heart in it at all—that the Jerries were the same as ourselves, and all that stuff, and it was only a long time afterwards that we heard what made Alan change his mind."

"Did the girl write him an inspiring letter?" asked somebody, beginning to show a little interest.

IMPRESSIVELY, the small man shook his head.

"It was a cat," he told us slowly, "as true as I sit here—and the dirtiest, most miserable little cat that ever crawled the earth. Seems this little beast used to come mooching round the prison camp, wanting bits. Starved it was, the little mongrel, and naturally Alan couldn't see a cat without wanting to help it. He used to save bits of crust and any little titbits he could do without for this cat.

"He told us, to-day, that it used to be a sort of link with home, feeding that cat, feeling the little beast curl up inside his coat of nights, purring like a demon. One night the cat went out through the barbed wire, and some sentries saw it. They started sporting about with it—aiming stones at it.

"Alan called out to them, see, asking them to leave the beast alone. That tickled them. Just what they expected of a lot of so-and-so Britishers, some of them said—fooling over a mongrel cat. Then, sudden-like the poor beast seemed to have remembered Alan, and it crawled on its stomach toward the wire. They shot it, just as Alan put out a hand to take it in."

Somebody drew a sharp breath. Nobody spoke.

"Something cracked in Alan, with that shot. He saw what a fool he had been, and he knew now just why Elsie and her like despised him—and his old dad. He didn't say anything, but all that night he thought hard of how he could get out of that place. It took him a good many months of patience and hard work. His guards looked upon him as a softie, so they made use of him, as they do of some of the men, if they seem trustworthy. He bided his time, and one night, when they were returning from working in the fields, he got away.

"The French were good to him, but even so it wasn't all beer and skittles, getting to the coast. The young fool could have got there twice as quick, but he must go and help a French family who had got on the wrong side of the Germans, and who wanted to get to England. A helpless old cripple, the father, and the girl like one of Alan's kittens.

"Nearly got himself caught, he did with them, but somehow or other he got to the coast. He used to haunt the people on the quay there, passing as a half-witted peasant, and it was whilst he was there that he got wind of a big raid that was being planned.

"What did the young fool do but put his French friends on a boat, see them off safely, and then go back himself, to get more details. One of the Germans got a bit suspicious of him, so the young devil staged about as real a scene as you'd ever want to witness, and was taken off to a French hospital, from which he escaped the same night.

"He was brought over to England in a fishing-boat, and he was able to give the authorities over here first-class information which enabled them to be ready. Well, the raid was attempted, but our boys went out to meet 'em—guess that's about all I need to tell you about that. You probably saw Alan's dial on all the papers, some time back, anyhow."

"Well!" exclaimed the elderly lady. "There's real romance for you! And now he is home, and has claimed his reward—a smiling bride! How proud Elsie must be to think she inspired a conscientious objector to turn hero!"

The little man rose as the train slackened speed. He put on his hat and smiled round at us.

"Elsie?" he repeated. "Oh, she's proud enough—only it wasn't Elsie that inspired him, remember; it was the half-starved cat. Maybe that's why he didn't marry Elsie, after all, but the little French gal he helped. Something like a half-starved cat about the poor little thing."

"But tell me," asked somebody, as the train stopped, "what does the old man say to all this? What does his dad think of this Alan, now he has changed his views so completely?"

The little man smiled happily.

"Me?" he said quietly. "Reckon I'm the proudest father on earth. A cat changed his views—but it took my own son to change mine. Good-day, friends!"

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Susan's Best Policy

By ELIZABETH SEIFERT

TO celebrate one's tenth wedding anniversary need not make a girl feel old. Celebrating one's tenth anniversary to a man like Renny could be perfectly wonderful! Only, in Susan's case, it wasn't.

She leaned against the bright flowers of the chintz-covered couch and considered this fact. The living-room was shadowy and cool this early in the morning.

A fine business, being Mayor of the town of Lemay, and the youngest man to hold this office. Oh, sure, supposedly he took care of his legal practice, too. But did he? Not any of it he could shove off. And what did being Mayor get you? Not any fun, like having a party to-night—their young friends, with noise and silly games, and still more foolish gifts.

Your tenth anniversary was your tin wedding, and you could set the table with pie plates and tin cups from the picnic basket, and you could serve beans! And even the hostess could have a good time.

But not if your tenth anniversary was shared by the Mayor of the town! Oh, no! The Mayor didn't remember his anniversary, or his wife—because he had a war industry to entertain!

Susan reached for the floor rag. She should finish her dusting. . . .

The thing was, she had thought Renny's being elected Mayor was wonderful. The way they had fought for the job—against two very determined men—a person would have thought there would be compensations. Of course, all three candidates had known the salary was only fifteen hundred dollars, but you could keep your own business, and then there were things called "advantageous contacts." Ha! Contacts there were. But advantageous to whom?

Not to Renny. And certainly not to Susan. Every time a "contact" appeared over the horizon, it cost her money—and none of it ever came back. Take the man Renny made her cook dinner for last winter. The Army chap who was going to establish a big airport and training school at Lemay. She had spent the money for the mink-trimmed hat she wanted on that dinner, and did they have the airport? No, sir! Not any more than she had her mink hat.

And to-day—her anniversary—she didn't know what this goon wanted. She didn't care! He was coming—with his wife!—and Renny wanted to give him dinner.

Instead of the anniversary party she wanted to have, Susan must plan and cook dinner for these strangers—yes, and for the other townspeople Renny thought had to be asked. The Bufords and the Ganings and the Tenneys. The Tenney Juniors. People Susan would not talk to—and hadn't before she became the Mayor's wife.

For dinner she must have roast beef. A huge roast, underdone. That's what men liked, Renny said. Then, for the next week, the Mitchells would eat hash, which certainly was not what the Mitchells liked.

To-night, instead of their own gang—well, she had considered to-night's guests once, and once was plenty. She must seat Gloria Tenney on the stranger's other side. Gloria was handsome. Gloria had been to Europe. To-night she would talk about Miami and Banff and Paris—and the goof would say, "Sure, I'll bring my war industry to Lemay."

They hoped.

Susan, according to Renny's scheme, must work on the visitor's wife. He had had a tip that she strongly influenced her husband. Susan must talk children—though Susan had only one, a pig-tailed freckled-nose wench of nine, now away at a holiday camp—thank goodness!—and clubs.

She seized the oily rag and, pushing it ahead of her, crawled the rest of the way about the edge of the living-room rug. She ticked off in her mind the things she had to do.

Of course, if she had been having her sort of party she could have had Nellie come and clean the house, and do the dirty work about the meal; then Susan could have served it, alone.

But since this was a get-business-for-Lemay party, she must do the dirty work, let Nellie serve dinner, while Susan sat and tried to feel like a carefree hostess.

Having come round to the writing-desk, Susan found a scrap of paper and a pencil. While she dusted the dining-room she would make out her shopping list. Avocadoes. Roast. Big. Susan could have figured to the bone what the party would eat. Potatoes, she had. What for appetisers? Oh—oh! Cocktails.

For her own gang beer would have been plenty. Cheap, good satisfying beer, and coke for the non-alcoholics. But—no! For a Mayor-party one had to have drinks. Cocktails. And the makings could cost so much! Susan stared at the little piece of paper under the point of her yellow pencil. A tear welled in her green-grey eye, boiled over, plopped down upon the sheet. She ran her pencil through the "cockt—" she had written. She wrote, instead, "Pinky's saddle oxfords." Under that she wrote, "Renny's ball game." Then, "Susan's permanent."

She looked at the three items. Susan's permanent, and the Brooklyn-Cardinal game, and the little brown and whites Pinky wanted—all decked out with olives and things because Renny had let himself be elected Mayor of Lemay.

RENNY hadn't wanted to be Mayor. He really, of course, wanted to go into the Army, but what with being underweight and married to two exemptions like Susan and Pinky, that hadn't seemed feasible. Then the committee came and said the town just had to have an honest man for Mayor. What was the use grousing over the stunts pulled by politicians, if decent, honest men were unwilling to take a hand with the job? Because he was honest, Renny had said he would try, and then, first thing they knew, he was Mayor.

And what had it got the Mitchells? Well, not honesty, certainly. Since the exciting night when they had stood before the newspaper office and watched the election returns posted in the window, Renny, or Susan, or even maybe poor Pinky, had not dared call their souls their own. Certainly, they had not been free to be themselves. They must try to please thirteen thousand townspeople, and make a good impression on all out-of-town visitors.

That was a job.

So Susan now crossed out the saddle oxfords, and the ball game, and the permanent—of course, the cocktails would not have bought all three!—and she wrote out the rest of her shopping list.

And then she did a strange thing. She tore the little piece of paper into scraps the size of confetti. "If one's supposed to be honest, why not be properly honest for once?" she muttered.

. . . . . .

Renny was only thirty-four. He should not have such deep lines in his face. Susan smiled at the man who sat beside her. At the guest of the evening. He was named Lovell, and he was quite young, and he still had not mentioned his business. But he could eat!

Susan looked down the table. All the men were eating—yes, and the women, too. Well, why not?

She had baked a brown crock of beans, crusty, sweet. She had baked them with crisp cubes of salt pork, and then she had fried country ham to go with them. She had wicker baskets filled with crusty rolls, and big pats of sweet butter at each place. She had wooden bowls of salad. In squat red tumblers she had mulled cider, and a big pitcher of it on the sideboard for refills. She had put all this on the table at once, and now everyone was eating. Even Gloria Tenney, in her silver lame.

Susan smiled and smoothed the gay, flowered skirt of her cotton frock.

She supposed Renny had been surprised at her dinner—but he was eating, too. She heard him promise Mrs. Lovell that Susan would tell her how to bake beans his way. "It isn't a bit hard to do."

Susan smiled to herself, got up to clear the table for dessert.

"Let me help," said Mr. Lovell.

"Why, yes," said Susan, before Renny, or anyone, could protest.

Lovell wasn't a bad chap—he was dressed up, of course. White dinner coat and dark blue trousers and a maroon carnation—but he looked human, and almost any human man likes to get into the kitchen—especially Susan's kitchen, which was big for a modern sort of house, and gay with willow-ware plates on racks, and copper kettles, and ageratum blooming on the window-sills. And Lovell liked the apple dumplings she had waiting in soup plates, and as he watched her ladle caramel sauce upon them, said he would speak right then and there for the extra dumpling he saw in the oven.

He announced his priority even as he brought the tray into the dinner table.

"I DON'T know how you stay so thin, Mitchell," he cried jovially, "with a cook like Susan here."

Susan saw Mrs. Lovell's eyes widen, and an odd expression cross Renny's face.

"I aim to please His Honor's guests," she said demurely to Mr. Lovell.

She set the big pottery pitcher of cream beside Gloria Tenney. "Will you start this round?" she asked. "I'll get some cigarettes."

Lovell sloshed cream on lavishly. "The only thing you didn't have that I love, Susie," he declared, "is corn on the cob."

Susan laughed. "I'll have that the next time."

"Why not be properly honest for once?" muttered Susan, tearing the paper into scraps.

"Promise?"

"If you'll promise there will be a next time."

"O.K.," he agreed. "And lemon pie? Can you make good lemon pie?"

"Sure. If a girl lives in a town like Lemay, she learns to cook. Of course, that's about all she does learn to do."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. I don't suppose there is much wrong with Lemay, either."

"Of course there's nothing wrong with Lemay——" Roy Buford began, in his best Chamber-of-Commerce manner.

Susan put a round, sun-warmed arm upon the table, and turned to Arthur Lovell. "Don't believe a word he says," she said softly. "Lemay is a small town, first, last, and always."

He grinned, his mouth very full of crisp dumpling-crust. "Small towns are O.K., if they have girls like you in 'em."

"Well, I'm afraid they do."

"Some of us know there is an outside world," Gloria reached for her cue. "I always say it isn't necessary to be small-town in your point of view. . ."

"But so much easier," said Susan. "It's like cooking beans and apple dumplings—you have all the makings in your pantry. Of course I could have hunted out a cookery book, and driven to Columbia for avocadoes—and we'd have made a stab at a sophisticated dinner party—but I figured the thing to do if we were trying to sell Lemay and Lemay habits to Mr. Lovell was to be honest with him. He doesn't want to know what we can do when we show off, he just wants to know what we do every day. See?"

The table saw. Susan had to stiffen her courage considerably to face Roy Buford's shocked eyes, Renny's puzzled ones, Oscar Ganing's sneer.

After dinner, Gloria and Mrs. Lovell, and the other two women guests, played bridge. Susan by her own confession was not good at it, and Gloria agreed that she was not. "She just won't bother," she explained to Mrs. Lovell.

The men clustered round the radio as if each sat in his own living-room, and Susan stacked the dishes to the comforting sound of their uninterrupted laughter.

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Susan's Best Policy

Continued from page 3

SHE was contentedly washing dishes, her hands elbow deep in hot, rich suds, the plates and glassware coming out all sparkling and bright, when Arthur Lovell came to the kitchen hunting his extra dumpling. And, before she knew it, the other men were out in the kitchen, too, Renny helping her with the dishes and Roy Buford carrying them in to the Welsh dresser in the dining-room, and they had found the sugar-box full of molasses cookies, and milk in the refrigerator, and they got more dishes dirty, and those had to be washed.

And by the time Mrs. Lovell had come in search of her husband, Susan had made a date to drive Arthur out into the country next morning, where she was sure he could get some milk fresh from the cow.

The party disbanded, everyone surprised to discover it was mid-night, and Susan waited, trembling, for Renny to explode. "They all seemed to have a good time, didn't they?" she asked faintly, when he came back into the living-room, where she was putting cards away.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I think they did. Except, maybe, the Tenneys."

"Well, who cares about the Tenneys?"

Renny just chuckled, and for once in her life Susan was glad her husband was not a talkative man.

Next morning, at seven, Gloria Tenney phoned to say that she would drive Susan and Mr. Lovell anywhere they wanted to go. "I didn't know about your tyres, dear," she concluded sweetly.

"Well, I know about 'em," Susan retorted. "And we haven't an extra set hanging in our garage."

The Tenneys had—it was town gossip.

"But I'll manage to cart Mr. Lovell round. Thanks so much."

Cart. Cart? Cart! A good thing she knew every farmer for twenty miles round the town, and could borrow what she wanted. . . .

Fringe swinging, the horses stamping at flies, Susan drove up in front of the hotel—which was a country boarding-hotel, and not at all bad in its own way—and hollered to Jeb Martin to tell Mr. Lovell she was waiting. "Tell him the horses won't stand!" she whooped.

Susan looked about fifteen that morning. She had a green-and-white ribbon tied behind her pale yellow bangs. She wore a square-necked dress of green and white striped seersucker, and had white canvas sandals and bare legs.

Arthur Lovell came out on the hotel verandah and surveyed the turn-out with sparkling eyes.

"Man, O man. This calls for shirt sleeves," he said, and shrugged out of his coat.

"Can I—can I drive?" he asked, looking like a small boy demanding the moon.

Susan rearranged the leather in her little hand. "Well—can you?"

He climbed over the wheel; she slid across the linen-covered seat. He "chucked" delightedly to the horses, and they clattered off in a spurt of dust. "Paved street is wrong," he murmured. "Hard on their feet——"

"We'll be out in the country soon, and we can stay off our highways. We only have two," Susan added, chuckling.

"I used to ride in a surrey exactly like this one," Lovell was telling Susan as they turned into the gravelled road toward the Marshalls' big farm.

"I used to spend my summers with my grandfather—he lived in town, but most of his sons and daughters lived on farms round about. We used to make a trip to spend the day with each one—used to take all day to go ten miles, then—but it was fun."

Susan sat contentedly beside him. "I only borrowed the rig," she confessed. "Renny's practice is largely among the farmers about here——"

"Big practice?"

"Well, except for being Mayor, he has all he can do. There are lots of farmers, if that's what you mean."

"I do. What kind of farming?"

Susan told him and he was honestly interested. She took him to Marshall's, and he had his fresh milk. Because he was interested in the flocks of white chickens at Marshall's, she suggested that they drive on to Eubank's, where there were flocks and flocks of Hampshire Reds — "I never saw prettier chickens."

At Eubank's Lovell bought, almost reverently, three dozen of the pinkish-brown eggs. He even broke one into a glass, and admired the big, upstanding yolk of it. "You do like your food," Susan chuckled.

But he was questioning Virgie about the size of her flock, the productivity; he talked as if he knew chickens, too.

"You're funny, for a city man," Susan told him when they started back to town.

"Well, you're funny for a Mayor's wife," he retorted.

She flushed. "I—I'm sorry——" she faltered. "I know I haven't done the things I should. But, you see—yesterday was my wedding anniversary, and I had to have a dinner for you——"

"And you didn't want to." His nice eyes were intent on her face.

"I didn't want to pretend I liked doing it," she corrected. "That is why I didn't do the things I should have—oh, had artichokes and meringues for dinner, and let Gloria drive you round to-day in her plush-lined limousine."

ARTHUR LOVELL let the reins go slack, so that the horses subsided to a walk. "Susan," he said solemnly, "do you know why I am here in Lemay?"

"Oh, sure. To build a factory that makes guns or something."

"Who told you that?"

"Renny. At least, he said you had a war industry in your pocket. Your vest pocket."

Arthur Lovell twisted his lips. "It's in my father's pocket, to be perfectly honest. And, of course, it is a war industry, but not guns."

"Well, whatever it is, I shouldn't have done any of the things I did—"

"Why not?"

"Because a Mayor's wife should impress visitors like you."

"You've impressed me."

She laughed. "Maybe. But not in the right way."

"Your Renny doesn't seem like the usual Mayor, you know."

"Oh, that's true. And that's why I should work harder at my end of it. He isn't a politician—and I can't see him any different from what he is—so—so—— Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Lovell."

"Sorry you've been honest with me? Sorry you've taken me out into the country, and made me feel like a ten-year-old boy again?" He turned the horses into the little street where the Mitchell house stood low and peaceful under its big trees. He cramped the wheel expertly, jumped down, tied the reins about the gate post, turned back to help Susan. He held up his arms, and she jumped down into them. Without a carriage block, how else would a girl get out of a surrey? But—of course—for a minute—he did hold her in his arms, and Arthur Lovell was not the man . . .

He bent his head, and kissed Susan's warm pink cheek.

"Of all the blasted nerve!"

The horses jerked against the tied reins, Susan squeaked, Lovell whirled and backed against the surrey wheel.

The little white fence was three feet high. Renny stepped over it as if it didn't exist; he came charging at Lovell, had the young man by his shirt collar, was threatening him with an upraised left hand. "Kiss my wife, will you?" he shouted.

"Renny, don't!" Susan clawed at his arm.

"Let me alone!" Renny was shaking the speechless Mr. Lovell. Of course he was speechless! The way Renny held his collar was choking the air out of the poor man . . .

"Kick him, Lovell!" Susan shouted. "Kick him in the shins!"

So Lovell kicked the Mayor, and the Mayor yowled, and grabbed at his shin, but then he came right back at Lovell. "City slicker!" he yelped. And Susan laughed.

Lovell laughed too, but he dodged behind the tree so Renny couldn't get another hold—"Mitchell!" he yelled in his turn. "Wait a minute!"

"Wait! Kissing my wife—we've been married ten years, you know that? Ten years to-day."

"Yesterday," said Susan.

"To-day!"

"If he's settled down to arguing with me, you can catch your breath," Susan told Lovell in a quick aside. "It was yesterday, Renny. That's why I had beans. I said nuts with a gun factory——"

"It isn't nuts—I mean guns——" gasped Lovell. "It's eggs."

Susan sat down on the millstone step under her gate. "How could it be a war industry and be eggs?" she demanded.

The men laughed. A little. Then they looked at Susan, all cute and flustered down there in the dust. They looked at each other, and laughed harder.

"She thinks guns are the only war industry," said Lovell to the Mayor, with maddening superiority.

Susan got up, straightened her green and white skirt, held a little brown hand out to Mr. Lovell. "Well," she said in a social voice, "it's been very nice knowing you, Mr. Lovell. You kiss—and talk—like an intelligent man—some of the time. The Mayor will drive you back to your hotel in time to catch the noon train. And—well—good-bye."

LOVELL made a grab at her, caught the fullness in the back of her skirt. "Susan, wait!"

Susan looked round at Renny. "The thing to say to a city slicker is 'unhand that dame!'"

"Damsel."

"No, damsels are younger. I'm a dame. I was married ten years yesterday."

"To-day."

Lovell gave a little scream of protest. "Will you two zanies listen to me? A fine Mayor this town has——"

"Well, if you don't like our Mayor——" began Susan, with dignity.

"I do like your Mayor. I like your town, and you—I'm just saying you're different. That's all I'm saying. Usually, I get entertained by a lot of pompous old flub-dubs, and ridden around in a hearse, and get shown monuments and things—but this place is different. It's country, and you're not ashamed of it. You let me beans——"

"Oh, you can vamp any man with beans," said Susan modestly.

"Well, anyway, I'm going in to use your phone to call up father and tell him to plan to put his plant here. You've got lots and lots of eggs, and if I have to run the thing I want to be among interesting people—m'wife can play bridge with your plush-lined friends, and I can come out here and——"

"You can't kiss my wife!" said Renny. "Egg-drying factory or no egg-drying——"

"Egg-drying——" gasped Susan.

"Sure. A war industry. Thousands of dried eggs for Britain and Russia—you mean you're giving Lemay the factory, Lovell?"

"Certainly. I like this place. We can do our kind of business here. It's different here from most towns——"

"Well—you're kind of different yourself," said Susan in a critical tone.

"How do you mean?" Lovell's voice was belligerent.

"You're the first chap the Mayor ever entertained and got a business out of it," declared Susan.

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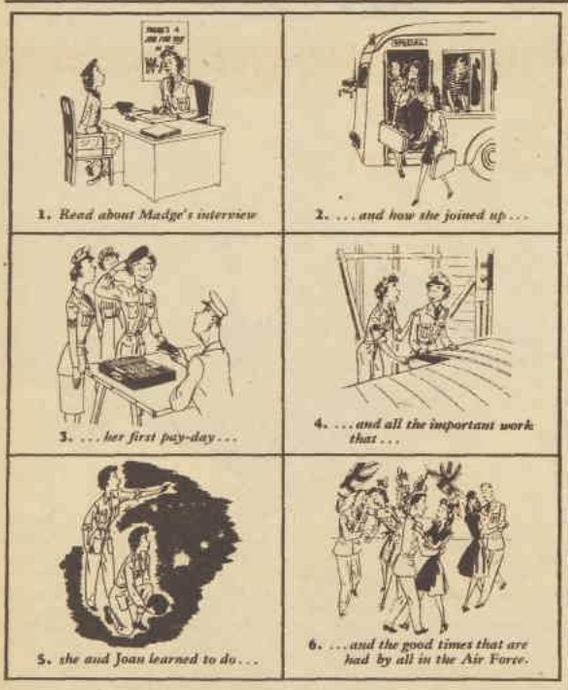

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BATAAN LANDING

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

To seize and fly an enemy plane was their only hope of success.

CORPORAL COYNE was standing by in the shadow of No. 14's port wing. The heat swept across the jagged chunk of volcanic rock jutting out of the waters of Manila Bay.

Coyne ignored the discomfort, and was devouring "Aces Wild," which recounted a certain Lieutenant Hank Scott's adventures against the Huns somewhere over the Wipers Canal.

"Scott tooled his S.E.5 into position," the author had penned. "The Fokkers were preparing to slam down on the sluggish Limey crate below. The Harry Tate was cold meat unless Scott got there in time . . ."

"Come on! Come on!" a voice yelled. "We must get going!"

"Sure! Yes, sir!" Coyne spluttered, stuffing the book into his back pocket. "Be right there."

"Don't you get enough of this without gorging on that ancient history?" the pilot, Lieutenant Malcolm Breeze, snorted, as Coyne reached the plane.

"It ain't so ancient," defended Pete. "That's only the last war. Them guys really did a job!"

"How do you know?"

"It says so, here in the book! Them little scouts used to pack in to them Fokkers. That was some war, I guess."

"Let me tell you something, Coyne," broke in the observer, Lieutenant Sewell, lumbering up with his load of operational gear and piling it under the fuselage stirrup. "There's more phoney stuff in that old war dope than you can shake a stick at, I know. I've checked it. None of it checks. You put a slide rule on it, and none of it checks!"

"Slide rule, Lieutenant?" Coyne's face curdled into a dull blotch.

"Come on," said Breeze. "Let's get on with the war. You guys and your arguments! We're supposed to find out where the Japs have a secret landing ground."

No. 14 creaked as the crew climbed in, and very soon the engine began to roar. But above it could be heard the scream of shells that were coming from Fort Drum.

The Intelligence captain, waving a sheet of paper, came out from the underground quarters, his arms outstretched. Sewell shoved the hatch-cover back and leaned out into the prop-stream while the officer barked further orders into his ear-piece.

"The Colonel thinks maybe you have something on this landing-strip idea. There's a hint of camouflage there. He wants you to get another shot at it from about 3500 at forty-five degrees."

"Can do!" agreed Sewell with a farewell wave as the plane made off.

Breeze swung over into a tight climbing turn, and brought her out over the garrulous waters of lower Manila Bay.

The 75mm. guns tucked away in the jungle area of Bataan pumped out a warning bracket on a speck flashing toward Malolos. Pete Coyne studied the signal and began to fidget with the slide-away gun-mounting.

"Take it easy, Von Richthofen!" Sewell sneered. "It's only a Jap Nakajima. She'll stay there as long as those Gyrines keep shooting. I got to get pictures. Never mind you running up a score!"

"Yes, sir!" nodded Pete.

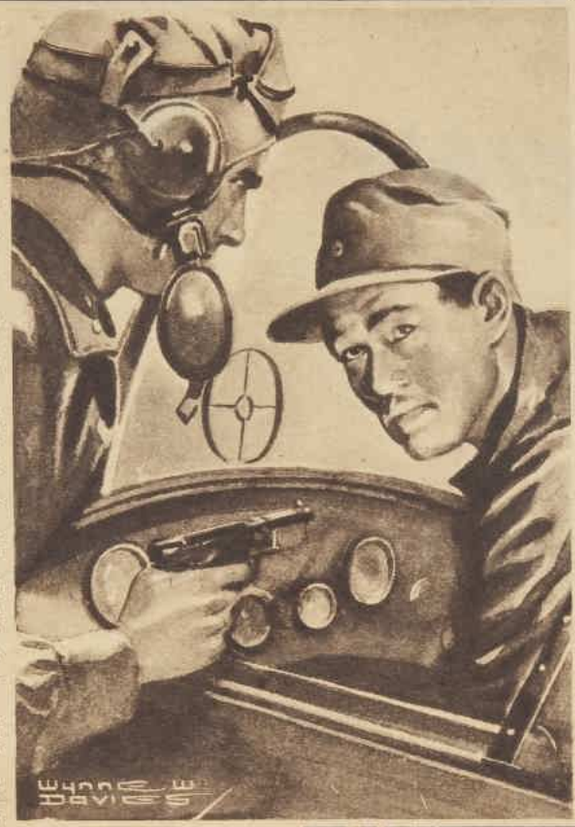
"Cut back for the east shore," ordered Sewell over the cockpit communication-set.

The sore thumb of Bataan was blotched with shell-scars. Breeze circled south of Pilar and waited until Sewell had caught the strip and semaphore signals, and had charted the new line positions for the squadron map back at Corregidor.

"They're holding on," Sewell muttered. "I don't know how they do it. They were supposed to have been clam-shelled out of there ten days ago."

Breeze levelled the O-47 off and headed north.

"If you shoot straight across, holding a course on the upper end of Subic Bay," suggested Sewell, "I might be able to get a line on that area again."



"You just get out and give me a hand," Coyne ordered the mechanic.

Breeze nodded. "Maybe you're right!" he replied.

Below, he had spotted a grey Karigane two-seater, blotched in against the foliage.

The nose of the O-47 went down with a lunge.

Sewell tried to head the pilot off, but he was helpless behind the radio panel. Behind, Coyne began rattling his artillery again, but Sewell slapped him across the shoulders and yelled: "You stay put! Cover our tail. We're being sucked in!"

"This is the way it should be," grinned Coyne. "Just like you read ——"

Breeze was high-tailing her down so fast that Pete was unable to punch words out. The slip-stream sabred past the open hatch-cover and sliced his breath away.

The gunner aboard the Karigane saw them in plenty of time. The Jap three-inchers rifled opposition long before Breeze was anywhere within range, and chunks of Kobe shell pelted through the fuselage.

"You fool!" Sewell yelled.

Breeze was on his way to glory now, his sight-stick lancing dead at the fish-tailing Karigane, while the Jap gunner poured it back at them.

"Lieutenant Breeze got the right idea," Corporal Coyne reflected.

Breeze pumped a few short bursts. He held her steady, but there was a damper of air-pressure billowing up from the heated hills, and the O-47 bucked like a stallion.

The heavy O-47 almost scraped her belly over the Jap's cockpit covers before Breeze sensed he had missed. The Karigane gunner pressed the trigger of his Nambu gun.

The 6.5 slugs stitched a wicked line of perforation along the muck-streaked belly of the O-47. The motor retched and coughed as Breeze drew her out of her headlong plunge. A lifetime of hope and fear was compressed into the next ten seconds.

"We're — going down!" Sewell gasped. "We're going down—prisoners!"

Coyne, bewildered and unbalanced, pressed the button of his gun again, and lashed .30-calibre stuff into the jungle below.

"Stow that thing away!" Sewell yelled. "It'll crack your nut!"

The gunner turned and shoved it away under the fuselage hump. He was turning round, limp and resigned, when she hit.

"Hang on!" Sewell started to yell, and then slammed with a cruel thud against the radio panel. Coyne catapulted forward against the cushion provided by the observer, while the O-47 sliced the tops of the palms and surged with a scream of metal through her wings and plunged on to smash herself up at the base of a tree.

Pete shook himself free and crawled through the fracture in the hatch and waited for Sewell and Breeze to follow.

"Lieutenant!" he called, his eyes straightening out and sweeping the wreck. "You can't stay there! We gotter get trackin'!"

He climbed up again and dragged out a short axe. He cut and slashed with tottering inaccuracy until he had a gash in the side through which he helped Sewell to crawl. The observer got to his feet and stumbled drunkenly to a curved palm trunk and leaned there, his arms at grotesque angles.

"Both arms—when I braced against the panel," he babbled while he slithered down the palm butt and rolled over.

"You stay there, sir," Pete suggested dubiously. "Wait till I get Lieutenant Breeze out."

From the jagged wing-root the gunner hacked until he had gouged out another panel. The pilot was slumped over, his arms swinging somewhere between his splayed knees.

"You sure stopped som'pin, eh, Lieutenant?" Pete wailed.

He dragged Breeze into the clear, scrambling through the undergrowth and fern until he had him on his back beside Sewell. There was a deep, grinning gash across the pilot's forehead.

Pete returned for the first-aid kit in the observer's locker and attended as best he could to the wounded men, splinting and bandaging to the best of his ability.

"The lieutenant says you can't do it," he muttered, "but Lieutenant Scott did it."

He stared hard at Breeze, who was snorting unintelligibly and trying to get up.

He dragged Breeze into the clear, scrambling through the undergrowth from the plane.

"Take it easy, Lieutenant. You got nuttin' to worry about."

Breeze struggled to one elbow. "That you—Coyne?" he asked thickly. "Where's Sewell?"

"Right alongside you."

Pete watched with tortured eyes while Breeze peered about.

"Where are you, Coyne?"

"I'm right here! Kneeling right in front of you."

Breeze's bandaged head came up and stopped. "But—I can't see you—either of you. I can't see anything!"

Sewell drew his legs up and tried to peer into Breeze's face.

Coyne dropped to his knees again and crawled forward. He wondered if Breeze was really blind. He waited, watching intently, then turned slowly toward Sewell. The observer was hunched up, his eyes confirming the fear that was beating a trip-hammer warning in Coyne's chest. Pete saw Sewell nod, and he lurched forward suddenly and snatched Breeze's automatic from the hip holster.

"Where are we, Coyne?" Breeze began again. Then he sensed what was happening. "Confound you, Coyne! Come back with that gun!"

Pete rolled away, hugging the big automatic.

"Why don't you shut up, Breeze?" Sewell hissed through his puffed lips. "The guy's just trying to make you comfortable."

"Thanks . . . Thanks, Sewell," Breeze muttered. "Good scout, that guy, Coyne, eh? You all right?"

"Sure! I'm swell!"

Half an hour later Breeze struggled to a sitting position. Sewell had stayed hunched at the butt of the big palm whence he had been watching. "Take it easy," he muttered quietly.

"Where's Coyne?"

"I don't know. He went off scouting round to see where we are. He'll be back. Thinks he knows this area. Says he drove a half-track on manoeuvres round here last summer."

"The dopey guy might get away with it yet," Breeze said tonelessly. "I wish I could see."

"Don't worry—you will. You got a smack that gave you an anaemic reaction as the result of the loss of blood. It's just temporary, I think," Sewell said slowly and with thought.

"Old facts and figures again! I hope you're right—for once!"

"Listen! Here he comes," Sewell warned. "Someone, anyway."

A sweaty figure emerged from the tangle of vines that walled them in. Coyne appeared, panting and beaming: "You wus right, Lieutenant!" he said to Sewell. "They got a strip back there—about a quarter of a mile. Planes and trucks lined up. It's blocked out with curtain camouflage."

"I can't lay here and rot in this jungle," Breeze growled, sitting up.

"We can get there in half an hour," Coyne continued. "It will be almost dark then. We can torch this wreck, and they'll all come to find out where we hit."

"Where the devil did you read that?" demanded Sewell.

"That's the book again, and maybe the guy has something."

Pete helped them to their feet with rough enthusiasm. "We should burn her, anyway, shouldn't we?" he suggested, fingering for a match.

He crossed to the tangle of fuselage, tore open his parachute pack, and stuffed the billowing wad of silk inside the pilot's cockpit. He applied the match and stepped back to watch the flames.

"I don't know why he doesn't have an idea of sticking the wings on again and sling-shotting us off a bamboo tree," Sewell muttered as the flames roared up.

"You wait. I'll bet he's got an idea that has that one beat a mile," Breeze husked, swaying drunkenly.

"You better keep your packs, eh?" Pete suggested, coming up and taking their arms. "They'll be nice for you to sit on, if we get a lift."

. . . . . .

The route was tortuous and winding, and it seemed an hour before they came into a clearing. Breeze could hear the metallic activity, and Sewell could see what he had long suspected: The landing strip had been cut through the sparse area of vegetation, and from a series of bamboo poles set along the sides dangled shallow curtains of net and light cloth on which tufts of dry grass, palm leaves, and sprays of ferns had been laced.

"Baby! They can keep pounding our guys for twenty-four hours a day from this hole!" Sewell ground out.

On one side was a collection of trucks, fuel waggons, and light tanks. On the near side, their tails drawn into hacked-out dispersal areas, stood several indistinct planes. Vague figures moved in and out of the flickering lights from small portable tanks.

"What are we waiting for?" whispered Breeze.

"I remember this spot," Coyne added. "We used it for a transport park. Maybe we could swipe a truck."

"That's out," Sewell said from a shadow. "There's no road out of here going south."

"That's what I was going to say, sir. The only way out——"

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THE ENEMY SEA

Concluding our exciting serial

By ABRAHAM POLONSKY

Bruce held Sue close . . . not wanting her to be the first to break.

AS Bruce came down the steps the men looked up at him, and in the caught moment he could read their expression. His coming below removed any lingering hope, any doubt. They were now all in it together and there was nothing to do but wait.

The storeroom was a big room that had two exits—one from the hatch above, which was clamped down tight, and one through the door, which was locked. Now it was a solid prison of steel, and the forty or so men in it looked like a hundred. The air was dense and noisy, for everything rebounded from the steel walls, and three big electric bulbs lighted every corner, every space, with a penetrating and shallow light.

Sue and Robbins were sitting on the steps and two of the assistant engineers were talking to them. In another group were the mates and a group of deckhands, and the engine crew was broken up into drifting knots that formed and reformed as men changed from place to place.

There was no air of terror about, just a slight uneasiness.

A short man in a red shirt with his head bound up in a handkerchief came over. He said to Robbins, "The ship isn't moving any more, is it?"

There was no reason to ask the question, because the motors had stopped. But it was a factual question, one a man could ask without showing cowardice or fear. So Robbins answered him, "No, it's stopped."

Red Shirt nodded. He walked away as if this were the only single piece of information he wanted. Bruce saw him speak to another man, who also nodded. They were all careful and reserved, like people walking about in a madhouse.

A motor sounded off, and everyone was dead silent. They all listened, each with his own habit, a head raised, or face lowered; but all listened. The motor sounded steadily and moved away, the sound growing fainter.

"Mr. Robbins," a voice called from the middle of the room, "how many subs were there?"

"Two," Robbins replied. "That one has got one of our lifeboats in tow, and you can guess who's in it."

A sailor yelled, "The heroes!" And everybody laughed. It was a shake of nervous laughter, starting suddenly and abruptly dead. It was like the first bubble just before the water boils. Everyone started to talk at once, loudly, and the conversation made a friendly and easy cover for what each feared.

The torpedo was the least of it. Death was the least of it, but there were going to be moments, there were going to be long moments in which the signs of death would appear. And then the emotion which was lurking beneath was going to break loose.

Bruce wondered who would break first, and secretly he tried to gauge his neighbors. But each time he looked up he found a pair of eyes on himself, and in every pair of eyes was that same secret weighing. He tried to imagine some fitting method of ordering his life for the next minutes, and he decided, now that it was no longer possible to do anything about the Arrow and the Nazis, he would think of Sue.

Her red hair was at his knees and she was talking in a quiet voice to Robbins. Bruce listened, and they were saying nothing important. He was telling her of his first trip as third engineer, and she was complementing his story with her own as a free-lance photographer. He looked at her and wondered why he loved her. He wanted to kiss and hold her, and here he was surrounded by men waiting to die at any moment.

He sat down beside her, and put his arm around her, holding her close. A little fire seemed to dance in her eyes, a little fire of fear. He touched her hair. "I was just remembering," he said softly, for her alone. He wanted to take her from the present into the past. He didn't want her to be the first to break. "I was remembering," he repeated.

"What?" she asked. Her lips hardly moved. They wanted to clench.

He didn't know what to remember, and his mind darted into the past for something that would carry her away. "I was remembering how many times I asked you to marry me. You know, like counting sheep. How many?"

"I don't know," she replied dully.

"Try to remember," he urged. "Go on, I want to know. I can remember three.

"There was that time in Central Park, the night in the lobby of the Chelmsford, and once in the hallway at the office."

A faint smile touched her lips. It was half-hearted. But she said, "There was that time you wrote a proposal on a piece of paper and had it delivered to me across the conference table on that Flood story."

"Yes," he agreed. He knew a dozen other times. "But that's all."

She put her hand up to hold his. "I know five others."

"Don't believe it."

"Well," she said, and began to describe them, while he pretended to listen and watched the crowd below.

He thought of Denhim going safely back to shore, Denhim, who would use his position in the Intelligence for things bigger and more disastrous than the Arrow. If there had only been some way to stop that. But here was this prison, and the world outside was lost forever.

A SCREAM. Every face turned. It was an old sailor. "Listen," he screamed. "Listen."

Like children in the game of "Statues" each held the pose in which he had been caught by the signal. They all stood frozen, petrified, still. And in the utter silence they all heard it together.

It was a continuous rush of water.

The old man yelled, "They've scuttled her. They're drowning us."

Here it comes, Bruce thought, now.

But Red Shirt said, "It flows in, it can flow out."

No one laughed. They merely remained still, listening. The old sailor looked round him. Then he sat on the floor quietly and waited.

Mechanically, Bruce rose to his feet. They all waited, listening, and they heard the secret rush, the flow of the sea crowding into the hold of the tanker. They forgot about the torpedo, as the roar of water boomed low, constant, and ominous.

Sue had risen, to stand at Bruce's side.

He felt himself leaning against the iron railing. He hadn't decided to do this, but it was pressing against his side and his weight was on it. He moved back, but it was a movement against gravity. The Arrow had shifted to starboard.

The motion had been infinitesimal, but the plane was inclined visibly when you looked at the floor. Most of the men moved to the higher side, following an instinct to balance the load of sea which had crept into the starboard side of the tanker. And now all the voices arose at once, jabbering and talking, asking questions, yelling a little.

Only a miracle could save them—but how could it possibly come?

They said stupid, ordinary things:

"She can't list any more."

"She is."

A violent and lurid curse.

"Who can hear you?"

"If you're holding on, hold on."

Then the Arrow lurched. It shifted from one angle to the exact opposite, and the mass of men tumbled. But Bruce caught on and held Sue. She was knocked into a corner of stairs and he jammed hard against her. Her face was pallid.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked politely.

Her eyes widened and her eyebrows lifted. This was the last thing he saw, Sue's surprised face, for there was a hot sizzle, like grease on a stove, and the room was in utter, breathing darkness. And at last, above all the other sounds, the noise of a motor intervened. It created a new waiting tension in the room.

"What's that?" a voice said at Bruce's ear.

And this question, asked in different ways, ran up and down the room.

"It must be the other sub."

They all listened again. The sound was fading out.

"I guess they know we're goners. I guess they're leaving."

It was anybody's guess, but not Bruce's knowledge.

The sound stopped at a middle distance, hovered there.

Sue cried out, "Bruce, Bruce."

He held her and talked to her, soothing her. He put his head down to kiss her.

And the darkness was ripped, exploded, wrenched by a cataclysm of light, sound, and fury. It struck Bruce from his perch with an incredible blow, and he actually felt himself in air, launched high, his body bent. His elbow struck metal and went numb with pain, and he fell into water. The water boiled and babbled about him, and he felt other forms there. His whole body was an elbow, now, a loose, limp, unreal elbow of pain.

Suddenly he was wedged into a corner of twisted steel, his head above water for a moment, and then the water surged up, roaring, and he struggled loose and rose with the updraft. Giving up was easy now. He let himself be carried, thinking only of his elbow.

Then he bumped against a jagged mass of steel and found himself holding on.

Two remote explosions occurred. They happened in an outside world, and the whole ship trembled. They're shelling her, Bruce thought.

Someone was hanging on next to him. An unexcited voice asked, "Who are you?" It was Robbins.

"M'Cloud."

"Hello," Robbins went on. "We haven't sunk yet."

"Sue?" Bruce asked.

"I don't know. She's taking an awful time to settle."

He couldn't have meant Sue, Bruce thought.

"We should go down," Robbins said. "We should." His quiet voice was insistent. The facts were plain. The Arrow should go down.

But then it actually rose and the water sucked away, and Bruce fell with it.

Then the whole remaining world dipped down again. There was an emptying, sucking sound as if a drain were going. It choked, coughed, and deep, cold sea roared in. The water covered him, buried him, soothed him.

All right, he thought or said, and even now he wasn't sure. All right. All right . . .

Suddenly Bruce was aware of the smell of fuel oil, damp with the wetness of the sea, and as constant with pain as his left elbow.

But Robbins said, "He's coming out of it."

And Sue said, "Bruce, dear."

Bruce could barely make them out. But sitting up, with Sue's arm to help him, he found himself on the very summit of the stairway, right at the jamb of the closed door. And from below he heard the men talking and the swish of water.

"What happened?" he asked.

Sue said, "The Arrow hasn't gone down yet."

"Perhaps it won't," Robbins added.

And another voice said hopefully, "Sometimes an air pocket keeps a ship up for hours. If we could only get out."

Please turn to page 14

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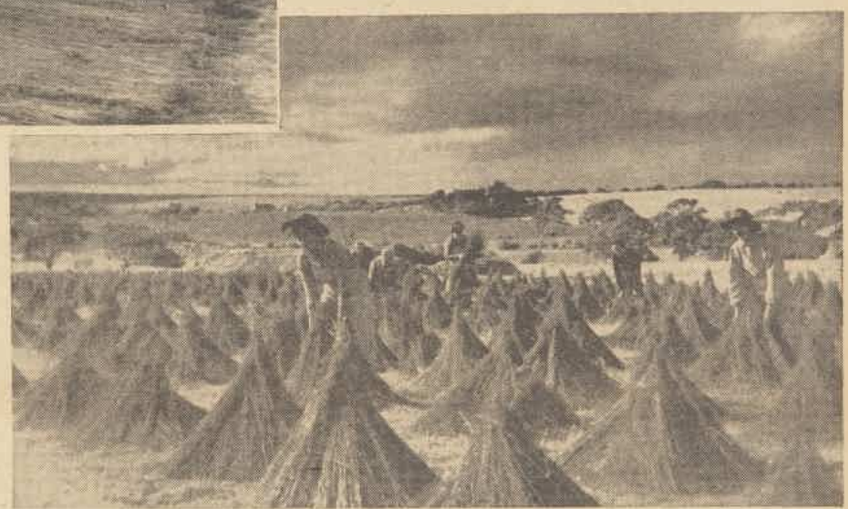
Girls of Land Army spread flax for victory

LAND ARMY GIRLS AT WORK in the fields at Morphett Vale, S.A., spreading flax. In background is a 40-acre paddock already spread. From left, Land Army workers Jean Brun, Dorothy Peters, Betty Trowse, Pauline Muller, and Fay Guthrie.

LAND ARMY GIRLS MAKING "GAITS" OF FLAX. Left is Jean Price and carrying a bundle of "retted" flax is Joyce Jellings.



A FIELD OF "GAITS." Workers re-erect some which have been blown over. Behind two Land Army girls, in background, are local residents.

Strenuous job in flourishing new Australian industry

By FREDA YOUNG

Land Army girls making geometric patterns of flax in a beautiful South Australian setting are helping to solve Australia's manpower problems.

The country in which this recently established Australian industry is flourishing provides as lovely a canvas as any in the Commonwealth, with farms and autumn-splashed vineyards on three sides, and a vista of Spencer's Gulf on the fourth.

OF 60,000 tons of flax grown annually in the Commonwealth, 50,000 tons go to Britain, to be woven into parachute harness, all types of webbing, canvas, ropes, and military bootlaces.

On grassy fields the girls "spread" the summer's harvest—dried, deseeded, and de-stacked—in long white rows over hundreds of acres of undulating fields for winter wetting, technically known as "retting."

Each girl averages two acres a week, and the work goes on till all the stacks are spread.

Then comes the turning, a skilful operation with long sticks, and the lineal character of the spreading is retained.

Both sides of the flax thus become thoroughly moist, after which the process known as gaiting is undertaken.

Gaiting again changes the aspect of the fields, and the coir-matting appearance is replaced by thousands of little stooks.

There's a knack in gaiting. Bundles of the retted flax are dropped off from a truck in rows about four feet apart at four-foot intervals.

The workers stand with one leg forward, drape the flax round that leg, making as wide a base as possible, and clustering the heads round their knees. When the support is withdrawn, the little gait stands erect.

It is tidied up with a flick or two of the hands, and when done by experts will remain standing through almost any velocity of gale.

In England, "gaits" are known as "steeples."

As the gaits are hollow, sun and breezes soon dry off the recently acquired moisture in the flax.

When dry each is bundled with twine, and the whole re-stacked pending mill operations.

At the Commonwealth Flax Mills at Morphett Vale, 20 miles south of Adelaide, where these pictures were taken, a portable canteen is moved to the field in which the girls are working.

In wet weather this provides shelter, and at all times girls may use it for their 40-minute lunch interval and 10-minute morning and afternoon "smoke-o."

Some of the Land Army girls doing this national service belong to families with a fine military record.

Jean Brun has her father in the A.I.F., two brothers in the A.I.F., one in the R.A.A.F., and one in the Navy.

Beatrice Le Poidevin, whose parents have a farm in the district, is the only daughter in a family which has seven sons on active service.

A girl with an excellent record with the Land Army is Welfare Officer Jean Geister, 19. Among her jobs with the Land Army she has picked cherries, apricots, and grapes, has pruned vines, graded dried fruit, and dehydrated potatoes.

Besides flax mills in other States, four are in full operation in South Australia, all in good rainfall districts. Flax growing is a paying proposition for nearby farmers.

From a 40-acre allotment at Morphett Vale one farmer received a cheque for over £900.

It is possible that fewer workers will be needed in the future for spreading, as a local resident, Mr. J. W. Thomas, has invented a flax-spreading machine which promises to revolutionise this part of the industry.

This is the first time, it is believed, that a machine has been designed to do this tedious work.

About two years ago, when manpower problems were acute, Mr. Thomas pondered over the problem.

He has always had a flair for making gadgets. His home is full of them. So he put his initiative to work on this problem, and began making small models. But there was always something not quite right.

"But something kept telling me to keep on," he said. "At times I was very discouraged, but Mr. Ellis, the mill manager, helped me, and all the men I work with told me to keep going."

In a recent trial run, a rough working model of Mr. Thomas' invention, spreading two rows at a time, lopped hours off handwork time.

It is attached to the tractor which distributes the flax bundles over the field. Men on the tractor, instead of tossing bundles into the field, feed them into the Thomas machine.

As the test was made the inventor trembled with excitement. "It's exciting watching it," he said tensely.

He said that machine, models, and patent rights had run him into three figures.

"Apart from feeling that I've done something of national importance, it would be nice if it were a financial success, too," he said.

SIX MEN operate the new flax-spreading machine invented by Mr. J. W. Thomas, workman of Morphett Vale, S.A. It is drawn by a laden tractor, which feeds it with flax. Trial run was at the Commonwealth Flax Mills at Morphett Vale.

TRIBUTE TO A.I.F.—Special big issue next week

Our next issue will celebrate the high achievements of the A.I.F. in this war.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, and the Commander-in-Chief of Australian Forces, Sir Thomas Blamey, have sent special messages from London to be included in this 48-page issue.

HANDSOME colored maps show the campaigns in which Australia's gallant soldiers have fought.

Correspondents who saw the various divisions in action have contributed lively eye-witness accounts enriched by vivid photographs and by some jaunty sketches by Wep.

The issue will be richly illustrated in color.

Two striking pages by Wep depict the extraordinary warren of foxholes on Shaggy Ridge and The Pimple, and a mass of humanity crowded together on a landing barge.

C. Dudley Wood has painted two scenes in forward areas within Australia.

Staff artists of The Australian Women's Weekly have contributed a page of humor. Virgil has illustrated a page of rollicking verse by Sapper Les. Porter.

A vivid set of black-and-white photographs shows the details of jungle training for commandos.

Adele Shelton Smith has written a survey of the soldiers' letters that have come to her during the four years she has conducted our popular feature, "Letters From Our Boys."

Another interesting article will deal with the nurses and Aamws.

Josephine O'Neill brings a bright touch to her account of the extraordinarily fine work that the Red Cross has done.

The film section is devoted to a display of striking incidents in Charles Chauvel's production, "Rats of Tobruk," and to scenes from newsreels and documentaries which have recorded the A.I.F.'s great deeds.

The homemaker section tells you how to prepare special dishes when a soldier comes home on leave, how and what to knit for servicemen, and how to keep the garden gay ready for the soldier's return.

There is a specially chosen array of beautifully illustrated fiction, also Mandrake and the Stars.

Altogether, the issue will give a comprehensive survey of the A.I.F. in its moods of cheerfulness and relaxation, as well as in the grimness of military action.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4728366

Editorial

JUNE 3, 1944.

RATIONING PROBLEMS

THIS week, seven million ration books will be handed in, and fourteen million given out in return.

Australian housewives have sighed occasionally as they tried to make their butter ration meet the needs of a family.

But they have not seriously complained.

In fact, most of them would readily accept a more severe cut in butter, knowing that the surplus was being used to maintain the meagre two-ounce ration in Britain.

Yet on the whole, in spite of more things being rationed and less of each being available, rationing seems to have been conducted more efficiently in England than in Australia.

As Minister for Food, Lord Woolton built up public confidence in a way that our own Government has not achieved.

It is a colossal task to organise a system of rationing, and in Australia that task had to be undertaken suddenly at a crisis in the war.

No wonder the Government made mistakes.

Sacrifice is still as necessary as ever for the winning of the war.

But Australians are beginning to draw a sharp line between what is due to war-winning and what grows out of bad organisation.

A curious gap has come into being between Government pronouncements and actual fact.

The planners of rationing seem, in their public statements, to live remote from the troubles and emotions of the mother in her kitchen.

The British Government bridged that gap. It made the individual householder feel that it was working with and for her in rationing, and not coldly dictating rules.

Until the average Australian gains a similar confidence, rationing can never run smoothly.

—THE EDITOR.

Australian airman sees Princesses act

Rehearsal of pantomime

An R.A.A.F. sergeant in England had the good luck to receive an invitation to Windsor Castle to see a full-dress rehearsal of "Aladdin," the pantomine in which the Royal Princesses played.

Although wide publicity has been given to the pantomime nothing so personal has appeared as this account by one of our servicemen.

SERGEANT J. R. KNIGHT describes the rehearsal in a letter to his sister, Mrs. R. A. Lawry, Henley Beach, S.A.

"Princess Elizabeth played Aladdin, while Margaret was the Princess, who went from her native land to be educated according to western standards.

"The two girls were very charming and graceful. Princess Elizabeth was dressed in white satin trousers, Chinese coatee of floral design, and blue dancing slippers. The younger girl wore a pretty floral frock with bonnet to match, and red low-heeled walking shoes.

"Both sang, danced, and acted as well as any of the other children of the cast, except for Widow Twankey, played by a 16-year-old lad, who is in the office of the castle. He was really first-class, and almost stole the show.

"One incident is worthy of mention.

"Three very small boys came on wielding spades to the tune of the working song of the dwarfs from 'Snow White,' and the last one, aged about two and a half, dressed in a meagre strip of leopard skin, took a look at the audience, dug his spade into imaginary soil, then sat on the stage as directed in the script. The boards must have been cold, as there was an audible 'Ooh.'

"The audience shrieked!

"The final scene of the play was a patriotic tableau, when the flags from the Dominions were marched by N.C.O.s of the Grenadier Guards from the body of the hall to the stage, where the Union Jack unfurled from the roof.

"The Guard carrying the Australian flag began his journey from right beside me, the only Aussie in uniform in the hall. Just coincidence, I guess."

PURRING PUSSIES. Driver G. Penglis (left) and two pals serving with him in the A.I.F. in Northern Australia find time to feed pet kittens at their camp.—Photo sent by Miss M. Penglis, Port Pirie, S.A.

Pte. A. Nethercote, A.A.M.W.S., 2/1st A.G.H., New Guinea, to her mother, Mrs. A. Nethercote, 246 Enmore Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.:

"LAST night the girls put on a concert—well, an act, anyway. The first part of the programme consisted of other items.

"When eventually 'Wedding of the Painted Doll' came on it was a huge success.

"The frocks were super, made out of dyed meat-covers — very much appreciated by the lads.

"Some of the remarks passed during the first part of the show were really funny. Every few minutes someone would yell 'Bring on the girls.'

"When it was announced the next act would be the amateur hour a chorus of voices cried: 'What have we been having?'

"No doubt about an Aussie audience, they are very flattering.

"Race day here on Sunday—various buses took the crowd to the 'do.' Could easily tell which State the drivers came from, as the sides of the buses were well chalked with the name of the home State's leading racecourse.

"I was unfortunate, as I had to work.

"At night, however, we were invited to a dance given by the lads. Somehow, the invitations got mixed up and men from two packs arrived —and only about 20 of us to entertain them.

"Really, it was terrific, as most of them were hard and fast dancers. We were very weary and tired next day."

F/Lt. W. G. Douglas, somewhere in New Guinea, to his wife in Glen Iris, Vic.:

"THERE has been a terrific rainstorm lasting 52 hours. We had 71 inches in two days.

"The bridge connecting us with civilisation has been swept away like matchwood. There is desolation and ruin among the tents. A falling coconut palm sliced a pre-fabricated hut clean in two.

"In spite of it all I still went to the pictures dressed up in a steel helmet, gas cape, and groundsheet. We could hardly see the picture for blinding rain. We are all mad, I know, but we enjoyed it."

LAC M. W. Roberts, somewhere in Australia, to his mother, Mrs. E. Roberts, Greengates, Morry Street, Hill End, Qld.:

"SINCE I last wrote I have had a marvellous trip to the Great Barrier Reef. The fifty-odd miles of cruising was done in perfect weather, although naturally it was a bit rough in parts. There being only two bunks, we slept on deck beneath a blanket, and the glorious stars.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of fish was caught, not counting several sharks, the largest of which was over five feet.

"A spot of excitement occurred when the anchor slipped and the boat drifted on to a niggerhead (coral formation). Everyone had to jump over the side and help push the launch off, or else the bottom would have been torn off. Thanks to the superb skill of the skipper and a good engine there were no other mishaps.

"The reef fully came up to my expectations, and how! By means of a dingby some of us landed on a reef called Ellison Reef, which is covered at high tide. Using a pair of under-water glasses, I swam round in a coral pool, and was astounded. There were giant clams, indescribably colored coral, millions of multi-colored fish, and every other marine growth. It's certainly a world of its own down there. I brought back several pretty shells and will be starting on an ashtray made from one of them soon."

Jack Burke, in Stalag IVc, to a friend in Geelong, Vic.:

"WE had 51 present for Christmas dinner, a four-course affair. Nine of us did the cooking, serving, and washing-up. With Christmas pudding in large quantities the lads had an excellent meal.

"At night we staged 'Lyrics, Laughter, and Lunatics,' a 20-act show, taking three hours, and directed and produced by myself and Vic Stillwell.

"Scenery, programmes, and stage fittings were all done by a few of the boys in their spare time, and the result was even beyond my wildest dreams.

"There were seven sketches, band items, songs, and instrumental solos.

"One of the most popular items was a rendering, by trumpet, two guitars, and drums, of some of the later numbers we've heard, such as 'One More Kiss,' 'My Devotion.'

"The audience, among whom was our Australian captain, declared it was the best entertainment they've had as 'gefangeners,' and congratulations poured in."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

An Australian son is laid to rest

Letter from an English mother

"I HOPE you will not object to my writing to you like this, but I felt as one mother to another it might comfort you a little to hear from someone in this village a few details of how your son was laid to rest.

"I must explain that I never knew him, even by sight; but when I heard they were going to bring his body to the churchyard here, I felt I must go to the service, so as to be able to write and describe it to his mother.

"I knew how much I should like it, if my son had gone nearly ten thousand miles away to fight a dreadful evil thing, and in so doing lost his life.

"The service at the graveside was very brief, but very lovely.

"He was carried by six Australian airmen, through the little lychgate, to a space by the wall surrounding the churchyard. Such a nice place, and later on I will take a photograph of it, and send it to you.

"A lot of our R.A.F. were there, and quite a few made up the firing party, then behind them there were more Australian Air Force. Just as the service began a blackbird started to sing, and it made it all so simple and lovely; but my heart ached for you, and you were all I could think about.

"The Union Jack was wrapped round him till the last, and the flowers were really beautiful, mostly daffodils and primroses mixed. One particularly sweet little bunch of a lovely colored blue kind of wild hyacinth, and on a card was written: 'From four school-children.' I think it would have gladdened your heart.

"Several planes kept patrolling backwards and forwards, and although it didn't actually rain, it had been all night, and the earth smelt of the spring, and the promise of things.

"I do so hope you will not consider all this an intrusion on your privacy, at a bitter time like this, for you. But please believe that we here in England do appreciate very deeply the help you out there have, and are, sending us.

"I will put flowers on his grave for you from time to time, and thank you both silently for his having come halfway round the world to help us in our struggle.

"My heartfelt sympathy goes with this."

This letter was sent by Mrs. Rachel Underdown, Harbrook, Ramsbury, Wiltshire, to Mrs. C. T. Francis, Coo Burren, Bundaleng, Queensland.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

OUR COVER

● *Melbourne artist C. Dudley Wood painted this week's cover picture. His model was Corporal S. L. Burgess, R.A.A.F., who comes from Berri, South Australia. The painting was done when Mr. Wood was attached to a medium bomber R.A.A.F. squadron in a northern operational area.*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 31: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, June 1 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, June 2: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, June 3: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Fantasme."
SUNDAY, June 4 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, June 5: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, June 6: "Musical Alphabet."

Problem of erring children

The problem of growing child delinquency is frequently discussed by Frank Sturge Harty, in his session on 2GB, and he has made a suggestion for preventing its increase.

MR. HARTY'S idea was that a voluntary organisation similar to the N.E.S. could be started. He suggests that there should be "children's wardens" and local centres, advised by experts on child management.

"Our N.E.S. organisation," said Mr. Harty, "is voluntary and was organised to meet a national emergency. Here is another emergency no less urgent and imperative, for it will affect the new world and the children of the new world—the citizens of to-morrow."

For nearly ten years Mr. Harty has conducted his "Let's Talk It Over" session over 2GB. Listeners have sought his advice on matrimonial, domestic, financial, and moral problems.

There has been a noticeable increase since the war began of questions concerning delinquent children, and it was in answer to these that Mr. Harty made his suggestion.

Many mothers whose husbands are in one of the Services have to bring up their children single-handed, and they appeal for Mr. Harty's advice. This he gives over 2GB, 3GZ, and 2KA every Monday to Friday, at 2.30 to 3 p.m.

Hundreds of listeners have written to Mr. Harty telling him of the success of his advice in solving their personal problems. In cases where specialised knowledge is needed he calls in the aid of a psychiatrist, doctor, or lawyer.

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **The Human Comedy.** Saroyan's warmly human tale of an American family is brought to the screen by a superb cast headed by Mickey Rooney. The subtle blending of comedy and tragedy makes this an outstanding film.—Liberty; showing.

★★★ **The Adventures of Tartu.** An exciting and swiftly paced spy thriller with Robert Donat giving a delightful impersonation of a foppish Rumanian. Valerie Hobson is effective.—St. James; showing.

★★ ***One Foot In Heaven.*** A quaint and nostalgic story of small-town life of the 1900's, with Fredric March and Martha Scott as the minister and his faithful wife.—Tatler; showing.

★ **Hello, Beautiful.** An intricate story featuring Ann Shirley, Carole Landis, and George Murphy. What really counts is Benny Goodman's orchestra in any number of hit tunes.—Plaza; showing.

★ **The Flemish Farm.** This dull story set in Belgium does nothing to justify such capable actors as Clifford Evans and Clive Brook.—Civic; showing.

Under the Doctor's Spell. Lon Chaney in a confusing film that sets out to be a spine-chiller, but wouldn't fool a child.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game because
SHARPY: A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract,
NAILS: A gangster, fails, through Mandrake's intervention, to force Sharpy into giving him a half-interest in Lothar. Meanwhile,
MR. JOE: A fight promoter, signs Lothar and the Champ for a match. Nails bets Sharpy ten thousand that Lothar will not fight, then kidnaps Lothar. The public believes Lothar is scared. Meanwhile, Lothar, who has been stunned and bound, comes to.

NOW READ ON:

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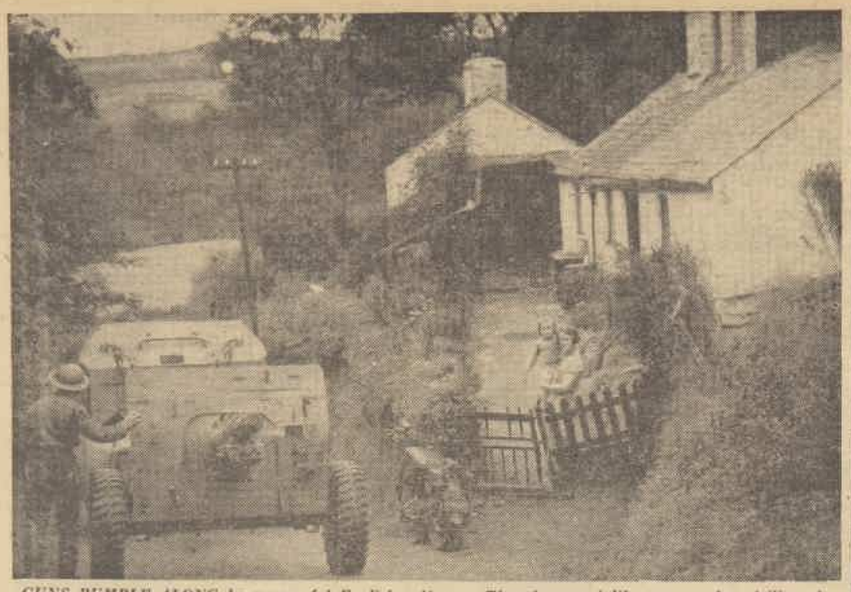

GUNS RUMBLE ALONG by a peaceful English cottage. Though normal life goes on for civilians in Britain, such sights remind them of the impending invasion of Europe.

MANY SOLDIERS who came back from Dunkirk, like those in this picture, look forward to repaying a heavy score.

Poignancy of pre-invasion days in Britain

Civilian and soldier alike feel they live now on borrowed time

Cabled by E. W. MACALPINE, our London Editor

Britain is like a coiled spring these last fickle days of May. There's little to hint at the terrific pent-up power waiting to leap forward at the touch of a release pin.

Outwardly all seems much the same as usual. Hedgerows have burgeoned into leaf, and where, yesterday, the bare black boughs of trees pointed starkly skyward, there is now a delicate haze of green or a riot of glorious blossom.

THERE'S preoccupation lest the unexpected frosts of a few weeks back will have destroyed the promise of those blossoms.

There's pother whether or not the earlier drought will have set back the root crops.

There's a general feeling of relief that the blackout has temporarily gone, for it is now daylight at 5 a.m., British double summer time, and dusk merges into night only at 10.30 p.m.

Bevin defies Bevan and Labor's thrown into a rumpus.

Pitboys want to join the fighting Services, and there's a minor crisis because the magistrates before whom they're haled sympathise with the youths' desire to serve where the battle may be hottest rather than stand and wait.

Housewives will shortly have to re-register for rations, and there's serious family discussion whether Mrs. Smith shall take her custom for the coming year to grocer "Coddling" instead of grocer "Short," who hasn't been so forthcoming with those unrationed titbits as he might have been.

This is a serious household matter, for once she registers with a grocer, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, she's tied to him for the next rationing period.

There's the usual rush of spring weddings, and great preoccupation with making clothes coupons stretch to bridal gowns.

Police could produce their normal quota of human flotsam with the frailties to which flesh is heir — as witness yesterday's case where a 74-year-old Army pensioner made his two hundred and fiftieth appearance charged with drunkenness, and was released—on probation.

But while all seems as usual, and people are engaged in the normal business of living, loving, and squabbling, there's a tenseness underneath it all that shows up even in these normal doings.

Laughter at a social party is just a trifle shrill, seemingly casual partings suddenly take on a dreadful poignancy, a girl dancing lightly occasionally looks at her uniformed partner with a fierce tenderness as if she'd implant his every feature on her memory, and weddings have a gaiety that's obviously forced.

Everyone's bent on ignoring the fact that the days are numbered and that perhaps they're living on borrowed time. But everyone's constantly reminded of it.

A simple journey cannot now be undertaken without due consideration that at any moment it may mean hours or even days stuck in some out-of-the-way sidings while troop trains usurp the right of way.

At dawn or as twilight lengthens, the air will suddenly be filled with the roar of planes flying so high that even their vapor trails are invisible.

Immediately the thought leaps to mind: Is this the prelude to "D" day?

Whole areas of Britain are cut off with a ban that neither death, sickness, nor other family emergency may break, and, indeed, the whole country is now isolated from the outside world.

Foreign travel is taboo.

Hush, Hush! is the order of the day, and there's once again in Britain a "security mindedness" that frowns on idle chatter.

Four years ago Britain experienced this tense waiting. Four years ago we lived on borrowed time.

This is different.

Then the waiting was for Hitler's word, a summons that would call on Britain to die rather than surrender.

That was a hectic period, too, but it hadn't the same poignancy as this, particularly for women.

Then they felt they'd be beside their men, and they had a place in the forefront of the struggle. They swarmed into factories, into the fighting Services, into Civil defence.

They were called to heroic effort, and they responded heroically.

Now, once again, they're called on to bear the traditional role of women—that of weary waiting.

They work as they did four years ago. They've established a place for themselves in industry and in the Services, they're in the first line of Civil defence, but, save for very few, they won't be called to the assault.

They have to stay behind when "D" day dawns, they've to bid the men good-bye.

So Johnny has to be sent to school and the coupons have to be stretched to get Mary a new frock. The man of the house, if not on leave, can now be reached only by a letter addressed to a post office the location of which is unknown.

The spring is coiled and ready for the touch on the trigger.

Now all is ready and there is, as it were, a gigantic pause for breath before the final effort.

IN ENGLISH PUBS civilians discuss the coming operations, and armchair strategists put forward their views.

Royal rose gardens at Sandringham now produce carrots

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

King George's mechanised army of woman farm workers has gone into action this year with its biggest production programme of the war.

The Royal farm, "Wolferton," has been developed, under the King's personal supervision, into a flourishing farm.

HIS MAJESTY has used modern scientific methods to turn the once unproductive acres into fertile land, and "Wolferton" is now growing flax for British parachutes.

The Sandringham golf links have been turned into a cornfield.

A flourishing crop of carrots is growing on the site of the famous rose garden.

Everything grown on the Royal acres goes to the consumer through the ordinary channels.

The households of Sandringham, Windsor, and Buckingham Palace get their rations of milk and farm produce just as do ordinary households.

Royal farms enjoy no special privileges.

"We take our places in queues with other farmers for fertilisers, machinery, and feed," the women of the Land Army working on the King's farms told me.

The rankers in the King's land army are all girls—pretty, fresh-complexioned English girls—wearing khaki breeches, green sweaters, and wide-brimmed khaki felts.

To distinguish them from other members of the Women's Land Army they wear a Royal crown on the shoulder of their uniform.

Plump dairy-maids, who have worked in the Royal dairies for years, told me that the milk yield from Sandringham farm, averaging 1800 gallons a month, is delivered to the doorsteps of the cottages of Britain's war workers.

The King maintains herds of Jersey and Red Polls of the best type. He has always kept the Royal farms well stocked with cattle, sheep, and pigs, and his flock of Southdown sheep is the oldest established one in the country.

The King has done a great deal of land reclamation at "Wolferton."

In pre-war days it had less than a hundred acres under the plough.

This spring, 476 acres have been converted to arable land.

Every one of His Majesty's farming schemes is without frills and is thoroughly businesslike.

The resident agent at Sandringham, Mr. Pelham Welby, told me: "Winter grazing fodder is supplemented with hay.

"Many rams were sold recently to New Zealand and Brazil.

"Land Army girls and mechanisation have made the King's ambitious farming programme a success.

"Nearly a hundred farmhands on the Royal estates have joined the forces and their places have been taken by girls."

In the shrubberies, thinning out the shrubs, I met Marjorie Jex, who in peacetime was a librarian.

Former art student Beryl Walker was transplanting tiny plants in the nursery.

Working in the King's forests was Daphne Poole, daughter of an inspector of taxes.

Daphne said: "It's no different working on a Royal farm from any other, for the King and the Queen take as deep and kindly an interest in us as would any farmer and his wife."

Later I saw over Sandringham House, and visited the two larger rooms the Queen had personally furnished from her own suite as rest and recreation rooms for the Land Army girls.

The girls told me: "As soon as the Queen realised we were too far from town to have any social life in the evenings, she set aside two of her own rooms for us."

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Gloucesters meet Australian airmen in London

AT **BOOMERANG CLUB** birthday party, the Duchess of Gloucester meets F/O. R. C. Dunstan, Vic., who lost a leg when in the A.I.F. at Tobruk.

AUSTRALIAN SERVICES CLUB at Harrington Gardens, London, was opened by the Duke and Duchess. Here they talk with LAC Klix (Vic.).

GOLD CUP, gift from R.A.F. to R.A.A.F., will be brought out by the Duke. Air Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton presents it.

THE DUKE talks with a group of Australian servicemen at the Australian Services Club. The Royal couple are expected to arrive in Australia toward the end of the year.

BIRTHDAY CAKE at Boomerang Club was cut by the Duchess. High Commissioner for Australia (Mr. Bruce) looks on.

GUARD OF HONOR as Duchess leaves Australian Services Club with Mr. Bruce. Since this occasion the Duchess has retired from public life until birth of her second child.

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Concluding . . . The Enemy Sea

Continued from page 7

ROBBINS whispered, "About ten of the men are dead."

"How are you, Bruce?" This was Sue near him, alive, and he was alive.

"But the torpedo," Bruce said. "It hit us here in the store-room. There couldn't be an air pocket here. The sea came in."

"Don't ask me," Robbins said cheerfully. "Who am I to argue with the laws of physics? It's impossible, but we're still afloat. We're alive . . . Perhaps we'll be saved."

Someone yelled from below, "It's cold down here. There's a wind blowing in."

"A wind?" Robbins cried. "A wind? How could a wind blow in?"

There was a stir.

"I'm going to take a look," Robbins said.

"This is a miracle," Sue said. "I know we're going to be saved. We're going to be saved! We're going to live!" She held him.

From below there was a splash in the water, and Robbins called, "I'll be hanged. But there is a wind blowing."

They heard him swimming, and they all waited.

It seemed to Bruce that the stairway hung perpendicularly, that it had changed its angle, for the steps fell away, and you had to hold on or you slid. The ship was curiously tilted.

"It's crazy," Bruce said. "I expected to be dead."

"No," Sue said, and her wet face pressed against his own. "We can't die. We won't. Dying would be anticlimax."

A hollow yell across the darkness. It was Robbins: "I've found a way out. There's a big hole here that leads out."

"Out where?" Bruce asked.

"Outside . . . It's getting light. We're floating with one end sticking out of the water. Come on, boys."

The water bounded with bodies, as if children were jumping off a dock, and cries of hope and laughter flooded up.

"Hurry, boys," Robbins said. "Hurry. You can never tell when the laws of science will take over."

The stairs emptied.

"Come on!" Sue shouted. A high, eager note broke in her voice. "We're saved!"

They edged down the stairs into the oily water, and she helped Bruce while they slowly swam toward the sound of voices.

Robbins and two other sailors were at a gaping hole that opened into a strange dawn, out of the side of the twisted ship into the sea. And there, low and holy as a sanctuary, was the island. On the gleaming, oily surface of the sea little bodies moved to shore, swimmers helping one another, and some going alone.

"It's the most peculiar thing," Robbins said. "Come on, M'Cloud. Some good sea serpent must be holding the ship up."

They took to the water, and in the slow climb of dawn, which winked with increasing brightness, they made the journey to the island. The beach was rimmed with oil, and the weary sailors were sitting or standing there, lost in their freedom, unable to imagine what had happened.

Then Robbins said, "You know what I think. I think the stern is sitting right on the bottom. That must be a big sand bar out there, or something. She just can't sink."

They all believed it at once. It was inevitable, and then the silliest and craziest dance of laughter started. The sailors ran round like children, talking, blubbering, crying out. They were saved. They were saved by the miracle of miscalculation. They were saved by the miracle of the sand bar where Rebow had imagined endless depths to hide the Arrow.

Sue was standing, looking at the sea. She said, "I think . . ." Then she paused and knelt close to Bruce and whispered, "I think this was Rebow's last effort to save us. He picked that place. He did. That's why he opened the sea valves. He wanted her to settle. It was the last thing he could do."

Robbins came over. He was breathless from the celebration, which by now was quieting down. He said, "Good old sand bar. That'll teach Rebow a lesson. Can you imagine them?" A profound and incredible anticipation shocked every word he uttered. "Imagine those fellows in the lifeboat. Imagine them all. Denhim, Rebow, and the rest. Imagine their story. And then"—he was gleeful, triumphant—"imagine us and our story."

And so the morning came, the morning and the grateful sun, the warmth and the truth of daylight and brightness and heat.

Bruce and Sue walked round the island, occasionally meeting a group of sailors. By now the conversation had veered not to their mere existence, but to complete rescue. The sea was examined constantly, and so was the sky, but both remained bare.

"We're going to be saved," Bruce insisted. "You see, we have to be, and Denhim is going to save us. When they report the torpedoing, planes and ships are bound to come searching for survivors. Only"—and this made him happy for revenge—"Denhim is going to be surprised. We'll be survivors. We have survived" . . .

It seemed that they all saw the plane at the same time, a big flying-boat which hovered about and then slid with a roar into the cove. They stood on the oily beach shouting to the little rubber boat, and they descended on the two airmen like a pack of laughing wolves.

The lieutenant was about twenty-two years old and he was excited and boisterous, too. He shook hands with everybody. "I'll radio back," he said. "I'll radio for a boat to pick you up. I'll say you've been discovered."

"So you knew about us?" Bruce asked.

"You should see the afternoon papers." He appeared puzzled when he thought of it. "But I thought the ship had gone down. That's what they said."

"That's what they said," Robbins repeated. "But this is what happened."

The lieutenant listened in amazement to their story. Carefully then they discussed what they should do, finally deciding that a ship would be sent for the crew, but Bruce, Robbins, and Sue would fly to the base at New Orleans.

From aloft the island looked like a flat dune, and the nose of the Arrow like a log.

"So that's the way they refuel," the lieutenant said. "Well . . ."

His "well" was manifestly bitter. They roared free through the air . . .

When the plane landed and taxied to the dock, they went with the lieutenant to his headquarters. There, after Bruce's arm had been attended to, they sat in the neat room and told their stories to five men, who listened solemnly.

The commander in charge smiled grimly when the recital was over. He said, "The others"—and he meant Denhim, Rebow, and the rest—"the others are resting quite comfortably at Tampa. They were picked up early this morning. Suppose you all get cleaned up and rested. We'll know then just how we're going to manage it . . ."

Some hours later Denhim and all his colleagues, at the courteous request of Intelligence officers, had come to an official building in Tampa to supply further details in regard to what had happened to them. And in the midst of the recital they were suddenly confronted by Bruce and Robbins, flanked by the commander and grim-faced officers.

Rebow merely smiled. A touch of a warm smile, a touch of tenderness melted across his mouth, and then he remained facing them all gravely.

But Denhim stared, and then, feature by feature, the symmetry of his face was destroyed. His face began to loosen, and it wasn't fear, it wasn't terror. It was a terrible, blinding fury that shook his countenance apart.

His voice ripped out savagely: "I should have shot you, the way I wanted to." He screamed at Rebow, "I told you to shoot them before we left." The anger trembled through him and drained away as quickly as it had come. His face was sullen, pinched.

"Take them away," the commander said. He picked up the telephone and asked for a number . . . "Oh, hello . . . Yes, sir . . . Hold the Norfolk convoy . . . Yes. We'll re-route it. They've got a line on it. And watch for sabotage. I'll fly up and report . . . Yes, sir. Good-bye." He put the phone back in its cradle.

As the prisoners were herded off, Bruce asked in a whisper, "Could I see Rebow alone for a few minutes?"

A little surprised, the commander said, "Yes, of course. Why not?"

Bruce met Rebow in a small room, sparely furnished, very much like a cell, but still a room.

"Well?" the captain asked. "Have you come to say good-bye to me?"

"No," Bruce said. "I've come to thank you for saving our lives. We know you deliberately settled the Arrow on a reef. You gave us a chance. And the chance worked."

A great puff of blue smoke issued from the captain's mouth. He observed mildly, as if to no one but himself, "I liked you and Miss Tennant."

But Bruce insisted solemnly, "Let's not talk this way, Captain Rebow. You deliberately saved our lives, and more than that, you put an end to the trick and any chance it might have of being repeated. You can't write that off as a personal favor to Miss Tennant and myself. You didn't deliberately throw your life away because you liked us."

"I'm not complaining," the captain answered. He slouched in his chair and looked at his cigar. He seemed hardly interested in the conversation.

Bruce was puzzled. "Don't you understand me, Captain Rebow? I've come here to offer you a chance to save your life. Miss Tennant and I can explain what happened."

Suddenly the captain leaned forward, so that his face nearly touched Bruce's. He said harshly: "Have I asked you to save my life?" He arose and walked away to the window, and then faced Bruce across the room. "My life can't be saved, even if you can save it."

"I don't understand you," Bruce said. He sat there, confused and bewildered by the strangeness of Rebow.

ABRUPTLY turning, Rebow strode back and stood over Bruce. "Do you think I'm a believer in the super-race? Do you think I'm eager to rule the world and be a hero? Do you think I'm mad like your friend, Lawrence Denhim? Do you think I'm crazy?"

He leaned over and said swiftly, "I have hostages. Do you understand? I have a wife and children who are hostages for my actions. I'm not like Denhim. Do you think I wanted anything for myself in a new world which will be worse than prison or a madhouse? I have hostages. Do you hear me? Hostages. And that's why I was doing what I did." He straightened. "Do you understand, Mr. M'Cloud?"

"No," Bruce said. "No . . . I can understand why you should be frightened and help betray our ships. But why can't you save your life now?"

"Because," the captain said wearily, "I have made my choice." A quiet, almost peaceful look fell like a mantle upon his face. "If I'm shot by your Government my family will be safe, and I can be freed of my hostages. Is that plain?"

Bruce said "Yes." It was plain. "But why did you put yourself in the position of being shot? You did it deliberately by saving our lives. Why, Captain Rebow?"

"Because I will die sane." He waited for the thought to come to words. "It's hard to say in language. I prefer to die sane rather than endure on in that mad world of Denhim's. It came to me—I mean, the last full measure of my actions came to me—when Denhim suggested I marry him and Miss Tennant. I knew she had to die with the rest of you. It was necessary and certain for our plan, and yet he wanted to marry her.

"This was the world in which I was living. This was the world to which I had doomed myself, a world far beyond the depths of any inhumanity which men have known. It was too much. It was too much for a man who never wanted that world anyway. So I took the easiest way. I saved you and I saved myself. Dying is much easier than living now. Much easier. Is that clear?"

And it was clear to Bruce. He arose. He held out his hand, and the captain grasped it. That hard, heavy shake reminded Bruce of the first time they had met.

"Good-bye," Rebow said. "Give my regards to Miss Tennant. We each have to live our own way. We choose and pay. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Bruce said, and he went out.

He walked round in the streets for a while, feeling a little dazed. Then he went to the hotel lounge where he was to meet Sue.

She was at a table, waiting.

As always he felt the immediate shock, the physical possession that overcame him when he saw her.

She smiled a little wanly. And he sat down.

Quite simply he told her of what had happened, and his interview with Rebow. She listened without saying a word, without interrupting or asking questions. And when he was finished the silence endured on. He watched her covertly, and she looked like someone who was trying to emerge from some deep trance that possessed her.

Finally she said, "You didn't want to leave me, either, Bruce. Do you remember? Do you remember how you refused to leave me on the ship when you tried to escape with Stark?"

He remembered.

"I was your hostage," she said, "and you didn't want to leave me, but you did, and you knew what would have happened if you escaped."

"You wanted me to go," Bruce reminded her.

"Yes," she agreed. "I'm just saying this because I understand Rebow. In a way, for a moment you were like him then. And now at this moment he's like you. We have to live and fight, and we have to think of ourselves, too."

He sat hopelessly, not knowing what he should say to her. She appeared suddenly distant and remote, and he began to wonder whether, after all, she had known her own mind on the ship—whether she had just been carried away by horror and impending death . . . Suddenly she laughed, and as though reading his thoughts, she asked: "Did you believe me when I told you I loved you?"

The whole past fell from him like an old body.

The people were laughing round them, a constant round of laughter that tossed above his head.

"I love you," she repeated. She got to her feet, her hands shaking so that she had to lean them against the tabletop. "I love you. I don't know what you think of me, but I love you."

He got up slowly, like someone trying out a new way of walking. He went round the table to her and suddenly they embraced, and the world and the moment fell crumbling from his mind, for he knew that this was love he had wanted.

A ringing silence seemed to sound in his ears. The people had stopped laughing. He looked away from Sue's face, and found the audience staring. So he took Sue's hand and they walked out of the lounge into the incredible poetry of daily existence.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD days are ahead for those born under the signs Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius. A large number of Leonians and a few Arians should also benefit.

All such people should plan ahead wisely, and work hard during their fortunate hours. Success can attend keen efforts, new ventures, or changes.

However, people born under the sign Sagittarius should avoid all changes and risks of loss, opposition, separation, and unpopularity now. Pitfalls, regrets, and upsets can abound.

Pisceans and Virgoans will be wise if they live quietly, and avoid arguments and disturbances.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 6 can prove unusually fortunate until 2 p.m., but thereafter be most cautious. Rest of week poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Unspectacular days now. May 30 (late evening) and June 1 can be mildly helpful. On June 3, 4, and 5 be very cautious.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fortune smiles on you this week, so plan well and work hard in search of promotions, changes, and gains. June 1 can be excellent. June 2 (to 8 a.m. and after 8 p.m.), very good; balance fair. June 3 (10 a.m. to 2 p.m.) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine best just now. Put energies into everyday work, and in planning ahead. Better times soon.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): June 1, good to midnight. June 2 (to 9 a.m. and evening), and June 3 (to noon), good. Thereafter, until late on June 5, be cautious.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): May 30 and 31, poor. Be careful on June 3 and 4, especially in speech or writing, journeys or changes. Routine advised.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make good use of the present. June 1, excellent. June 2 (to 8 a.m. and after 8pm), very good; balance fair. June 3 (to midday), good. June 4, tricky. June 5 (to 2 p.m.), very fair. Avoid rashness.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): June 1, fair. June 4, tricky. June 5, unreliable to 8 a.m., then poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Beware pitfalls of all kinds. Loss, disappointments, separations likely, especially on May 30 and 31, June 1, 4, 5, and 6. Routine work advisable.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Uneventful days for most Capricornians, so routine most favored now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Utilise every moment of June 1 and to 8 a.m. on June 2. Rest of June 2, fair. June 3 (to noon) and June 6 (to 2 p.m.), fair. Seek advancement, gains, favors, and changes now.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Wise Pisceans will live quietly at present, for indiscretion can bring disaster to their plans, especially on May 30 and 31. Loss and partings possible. June 6 (afternoon onwards), and parts of June 4 and 5 poor, too. Better times soon.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Will you check my brakes, please?"

Fashion PATTERNS

New, very attractive styles for midwinter wear

F2183.—Snappy contrast suit, featuring self-colored jacket, check skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36in. wide for jacket, 2½yds. check, 36in wide, for skirt, ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F626.—Cleverly cut topcoat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2187.—Youthful, becoming day frock. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6189.—Smart, warm, two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. and ½yd. contrast 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2262.—Most charmingly designed frock, the kind that a smart woman needs in her wardrobe. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide, and 5½yds. trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F726. — Very attractive tailor-like two-piece — a must for every wardrobe. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

* * *

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page.

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Illustrated at right is a sweetly designed frock for little girls, 2 to 6 years of age.

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AMERICAN NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. George Bayne Barnes, M.C., U.S.N.R., and his bride, formerly Hazel Spurgeon, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Evan Spurgeon, of Singapore and Potts Point, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride's father is prisoner of war in Singapore.

CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Douglas Davidson and his bride, formerly Frances Catts, cut their wedding cake while bridegroom's mother, Mrs. W. G. Davidson (left) and bride's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Catts, look on at reception held at Pickwick Club, following ceremony at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Bridegroom is attached to American Army in Sydney.

RAINY DAY for wedding when Yvonne Thomson marries Lieut. David Normoyle, A.I.F., at St. Canice's Church, Roslyn Gardens. Mr. H. B. Webber, who gave bride away, holds umbrella to protect her lovely dress—Hartnell model of crocheted chiffon-weight wool.

On and Off Duty.

TO provide an opportunity for a public farewell by the women of Sydney to Lady Gowrie before her departure from Australia the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. J. Bartley, is arranging an afternoon reception in the Sydney Town Hall in the last week in June.

Miss Ruby Board, of the National Council of Women, was arranging a farewell for Lady Gowrie from all women's organisations in Sydney, but owing to the number of invitations Lady Gowrie has to fulfil before she leaves, the Council will now join in the arrangement being made by Mrs. Bartley.

• • •

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL chosen by Margaret Rankin and Charles Shoppee for their marriage on June 10. Wedding will be quiet family affair, and reception will be held after ceremony at home of Margaret's married sister, Mrs. Robert Duval.

• • •

RECEIVING congratulations on birth of their second child — a daughter, named Jill—are Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dean, of Kingsgrove. Terry, their son, is just two years old.

• • •

"ALWAYS been interested in Central Australia," says Cynthia Skrine, who goes to job with Allied Works Council.

Cynthia, who has been president of Business Women's Sewing Corps for past four years since corps started sewing for servicemen, adds that as well as business career she is writer of children's stories.

"As boys think it's 'sissy' to read books written by women I use pen-name Pat Malvern for boys' stories," she says. One book, "Secret Gold," has its setting in Central Australia.

However, when it's a tale for boys and girls Cynthia uses own name. Members of corps give Cynthia grand farewell party and present retiring president with lovely briefcase to take on her travels.

LOVELY gift of lingerie satin for her trousseau received by Elva Collins from her future mother-in-law, Mrs. E. W. Newton-Hager, of Santiago, California.

Elva, who is president of N.S.W. Wives and Fiancees of United States Servicemen's Club, plans marriage when fiance, Chief Warrant-Officer Maurice Newton-Hager, U.S. Navy, gets leave.

Bride-to-be's aunt, Mrs. Pauline Atlas, who lives in America, is sending out wedding gown for ceremony.

Elva, who commenced club in N.S.W., which now has membership of more than 100, invites any Australian girls who are engaged or married to U.S. servicemen to join.

• • •

ARRIVED in America on long furlough is Miss Emmeline Aguello, who was foreign service clerk at American Legation, Canberra. Miss Aguello, or "Emmy," as she is known by Canberra friends, has worked with American Minister, Nelson T. Johnson, as his secretary since he came to Australia. American War Shipping Administration releases twenty-one-year old American, Rowena May, to fill ranks of workers at Legation while Emmy is away.

• • •

GAY party when Melanie Price Jones and Alleyne Zander entertain at Melanie's home, "Banksea," Double Bay. Lots of music lovers present, as party is in honor of Vera Bradford, who, by the way, gives pianoforte recital at Conservatorium on June 8.

Joyce

AMERICANS WED. Lieut.-Colonel Earle Thornton, U.S. Army, and his bride, former Lieut. Hectorine Beauchesne, U.S. Army nurse, cutting their wedding cake at Tusculum, U.S. Nurses' Leave Club, with best man, Major Jock Pagan, A.I.F., and matron of honor Lieut. Allie Deese, U.S. Army nurse. Major Hubert Black, A.I.F. (in background).

"S FOR SUGAR." Members of Sugar Rationing Department, Mrs. C. Alison (standing left), Mary McAsh, Mollie Cahill, Mrs. N. W. Furley (seated right), Esther Smith, who have adopted "S for Sugar" bomber, send cabled congratulations to England to crew.

FOR NORWAY'S CHILDREN'S FUND. Mrs. Freda Nesbitt (left) with Mrs. Niels Storaker, displaying some lovely articles which they have made to be sold when they can obtain city shop at end of June. Proceeds will go to Norway's King Haakon, now in London. His committee has food and clothing ready to be sent away to Norway's children at 24 hours' notice.

HONEYMOONERS. Flying-Officer Robert Lockwood, R.A.A.F., and his bride, who was Ethel Macpherson before recent marriage, in garden of family's homestead, Roto, Hillston. Ethel will return to country home when Robert leaves for operational duties.

Interesting People

CAPTAIN A. S. BOURKE

. . . comforts from Finschhafen

WELCOME job for Captain A. S. Bourke, Honorary Commissioner, Australian Comforts Fund, was the servicing of the batch of 600-odd war prisoners snatched from the Japanese recently by Allied Forces in North New Guinea. Captain Bourke is stationed at Finschhafen. To be where the prisoners were recaptured he had travelled 500 miles in small boat.

MATRON G. M. VANCE

. . . Broken Hill

A NATIVE of Broken Hill, where she also did her general nursing training, Matron Gladys M. Vance is now matron of Broken Hill and District Hospital, a splendid modern building erected three years ago at cost of quarter of a million pounds. The only completely air-conditioned hospital in Australia, it is a general training school with X-ray, operating and surgical departments.

PROFESSOR K. L. CHAU

. . . to cultivate goodwill

RECENTLY arrived from Chungking to direct first Chinese Ministry of Information office in Australia, Professor K. L. Chau was formerly Professor of English at China's famous Tsing Hua University, Peking. Has lived in Europe, America, and Britain.

When Japan attacked in Pacific he went to Hongkong to assist British Government. Escaped after Japanese took city.

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Movie World

● DOLORES MORAN, blonde and glamorous Warners starlet, is a favorite pin-up girl. Proving their faith in Dolores, the studio gave her the important ingenue role in "Old Acquaintance," with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, and according to the critics their expectations were fully justified. Works also at Hollywood Canteen.

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1 **STARTING** life on lawless waterfront Jack London (Michael O'Shea) is friendly with waif (Virginia Mayo).

2 **WHEN JACK COMES OF AGE,** he leaves waterfront and sails on sealing schooner to the Bering Sea, and on that hard, cruel voyage has to fight for his life and the right to lead it as he chooses.

3 **STILL IN SEARCH** of adventure, Jack goes to the Yukon goldfields, and his Alaskan stories win favor of public and lovely Charmian (Susan Hayward).

4 **AT THE OUTBREAK** of the Russo-Japanese War, Jack is made war correspondent for chain of papers, and Charmian realises she cannot keep him home.

5 **AFTER SCOOPING** the world with his eye-witness accounts of Japanese atrocities, Jack is thrown into gaol in Japan.

6 **RELEASED** through intervention by the President, Jack returns to America and with Charmian dedicates his life to arousing his country to the menace of Japan's plans for world conquest.

* * * * * * * * * * *

JACK LONDON

PRODUCED by Samuel Bronston, the United Artists release, "Jack London," is an exciting factual account of the famous American author-adventurer.

The title role is played by Michael O'Shea, newcomer to the screen, who scored a success in his first film, "Lady of Burlesque."

His resemblance to London is remarkable, and even the author's wife, Mrs. Charmian London, who served as technical adviser on the film, commented on this.

In order to reach that degree of physical trim which always marked London, O'Shea trained like a prizefighter for weeks prior to starting work on the film.

* * * * * * * * * * *

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The PINAFORE GIRL

• Here is a cunning way to utilise an old velvet or taffeta evening gown. Bring it back to life in the form of a decorative pinafore for informal evenings. With it a soft white chiffon blouse.

• A simply tailored pinafore in cigar-brown woollen is worn over a pastel-blue wool blouse, and features a smart front-buttoned opening above and below the belt.

• Striped woollen for this wide-shouldered tailored pinafore, which fashion-conscious business girls will wear with a variety of blouses or trim hand-knitted sweaters.

• Look young and gay on the dreariest winter days in this suspender skirt, with braces and contrasting pockets garnished with woollen cross-stitch. Team it with a yellow wool long-sleeved blouse.

• The peasant trend is glimpsed in this beige pinafore that is pepped up with braid and heavy red wool cross stitching. The front can be worn closed up or with turned-back revers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4728376

Pigeons taught doctor about 'Vitamins'

Ever since there has been food there have been vitamins, but their existence was merely guessed at. In 1911 a young doctor experimenting with pigeons, discovered that they quickly developed neuritis and became paralysed if fed on rice from which the husk had been polished away. On restoring the husk to their diet, they as quickly recovered. The doctor realised that there was some vital element in the crude cereal that was lost in the "polishing." He called this element "Vitamin," and a new word entered the world that was to have great importance.

Since then, the vitamin found so richly in rice and wheat grain has been labelled Vitamin B_1. It is this vitamin which is seriously lacking in modern diet, due to machine methods of "refining." Yet Vitamin B is the key to good appetite and digestion, to bowel regularity and nerve force.

For maximum health of the whole body, it is essential to restore the Vitamin B to your daily food—and this is easily done by taking Bemax with your breakfast cereal or milk.

Bemax is a pleasant, flaky tonic food, made from pure wheat embryo. It contains enough Vitamin B_1 in a single tablespoonful to make up the daily quota which doctors say we all need, as well as Iron, Phosphorus and Manganese. Bemax strengthens the bowel muscles, puts paid to constipation and "nerves," relieves indigestion.

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month.

Send a card for free booklet "Vitamins and Health", to B. Max (Dept. G25), P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

Bataan Landing

Continued from page 5

"HERE we go," moaned Sewell.

"What's he got to lose?" demanded Breeze, moving about aimlessly. "I'm willing to go with the guy!"

"Who's going to fly it?" Sewell argued uncertainly. "You—well, you can't see right now, and I've got two busted arms. Coyne can't fly!"

"Two busted arms?" Breeze said, sucking in his breath. "You said you were— Then Coyne has to—"

"Listen! They're running one up—right down our alley," whispered Pete. "Maybe if we got aboard, Lieutenant Breeze could get it off—blind; an' we could tell him where to head it."

"Sure!" Breeze added. "All we have to do is to get it into the air. We can pile it up anywhere on the other side. Which way is she headed?"

"Across the runway. If we can get those Japs out of the way, it will be easy."

"How many guys round her?"

"I can only see two. One in the cockpit, running her up."

"Okay. You get those guys out of there. We'll stay here."

Coyne took Breeze's automatic out of his shirt and crept away.

The first Jap was easy. He was bending over the tail, holding her down while the mechanic in the cockpit tested the A.14 motor. A solid smack with the gun-butt brought him to his knees and he rolled over with a grunt.

Pete moved like a cat to the wing-root and climbed up. The puzzled Jap mechanic stared into his gun-tunnel and started to shut off the motor. "No! . . . No! Let her rumble," ordered Coyne. "You just get out and give me a hand."

Exaggerated gestures with the gun interpreted his meaning clearly. The Jap, now a suety grey, climbed down, stumbled off the wing-root in feverish haste, but Coyne collared him and rammed him toward the tail.

"Lift!" he explained with his hands. "You lift while I push—comprée?"

Watching, Sewell whispered to Breeze, "Grab me under the armpit—easy. That mug is going to get away with this."

Coyne had the Karigane out and turned round when Sewell and Breeze reached the wing-tip. The pilot felt his way along the trailing edge, and was clambering up when another businesslike bang thudded somewhere in the darkness.

"An' stay there!" Coyne repeated as the Jap mechanic corkscrewed to the ground.

He came up to the fuselage, grinning: "I guess Lieutenant Sewell had better take the back seat. I'll stand between you—somehow. Get in, sir! The throttle's on the left, just like ours.

Breeze fumbled but his hands instinctively found the control column and the throttle.

"Get going, Lieutenant! Get going! Here comes a mob over from them trucks. You're dead-centre down the runway! Now just——"

The rest was drowned out when Breeze eased the throttle up the gate. The 800-horsepower radial picked it up smartly, and she began to rumble down the runway.

"Steady, Lieutenant!" instructed Pete. "You're bearing a bit right—and don't take her off too soon, or you'll hit the curtain camouflage. Left, sir—left!"

Breeze rammed himself down hard and pressed the left rudder. She was trying to clear by herself now. He eased the column forward and felt the wheels thump off the uneven track. Her tail was up, and she answered the rudder reasonably fast.

"Good! Hold her now, sir! Hold her down. We've got a few more yards to clear. That's it . . . now take her away, sir! You're in the clear."

Pete turned with triumph to yell at Sewell, who was jabbing him with his knee: "We got away! With an enemy plane—an' escaped!"

Sewell glared at him with frank disgust: "Sure! We stole an enemy plane. Now figure out how you're going to get it down again! I get two broken legs now, I suppose!"

Breeze took the Karigane over the palm barrier with amazing ease. A trickle of tracer crept up from the area where the transport had been parked. Coyne squatted behind the bucket seat that encased Breeze's back and peered forward for the outline of Mt. Bataan.

"You're heading straight down the peninsula, sir," he advised Breeze. "We should be getting some of our own fire soon."

Breeze nodded with resignation. "Can't be helped. Keep me well clear of that crater and then turn me right, so that we go past Bataan and out to sea. I'll circle that, and approach Corregidor from the west. That should evade a lot of it—until we get in."

"Sure! Then once you get over the island, you and Lieutenant Sewell can take to the silk. I'll stay and see if I can get her down."

"You're nuts! You'd splatter yourself all over the island!"

"What are we going to do?" yelled the trussed-up Sewell from the rear.

"You have about fifteen miles to figure it out," barked Breeze. "Two of us have 'chutes, and one guy burned his up. I might be able to set this thing down if Coyne could read the instruments for me."

"Some are in American and some in Japanese," Pete said after a glance over the instrument panel. "Turn sharp right now, sir!"

"Ninety degrees?"

"Sharp right—I don't know how many . . . There! Now get her straight again. You'll soon be through the two peaks."

"Where are the flaps, Coyne?" Breeze asked after another five minutes of flight. "We should be somewhere by now."

The gunner leaned over and felt round below the blind pilot's knees. "They's a hand-wheel on this side, sir."

"Oke! I'll give her a twist or two and see what happens."

The wheel proved to be the flap-control and the Karigane snubbed into a slower speed on the brake pressure. Breeze drew the throttle back until the engine was only just ticking over.

"You're only about four miles away now, Lieutenant," Pete almost whispered over Breeze's shoulder.

"Oke! Keep me dead on. When we get within a quarter of a mile of the western end, let me know and I'll run across Kindley and we'll see what happens."

"I got it figured out, Lieutenant!" Coyne rattled. "We're at fourteen hunnerd, over the channel, now. You bring her round, an' I'll try to help you in!"

"Sure! Any dope can fly a plane. 'They almost taught Sewell once!" Breeze answered. "When we get round and headed for the runway, you lean over, Pete, and put your hand on mine. I'll fly her by the seat of my pants, and you can ease her off when we look as if we're going to sock the wheels down."

Coyne beamed: "I'll bet you I—we can get her down!"

Breeze sat steady, his head held in the unnatural tension of a blind man, but under his wad of bandage he was smiling: "Are we still dead on, Coyne?"

"Dead on, Lieutenant. Hold her there."

"You put your hand on top of mine . . . She's yours, Corp."

The guns from Corregidor blasted at them with furious ambition while the searchlights crisscrossed and attempted to snip them in two with their great silver blades.

"What's that?" Breeze asked suddenly and turned to Coyne.

"That's our searchlights. We're dead over the shore-line now, sir. Keep her there, gently. The runway is dead ahead."

SEWELL sat back, relaxed and complacent. He was wondering how long it took to fix two busted arms. He tried to see past Coyne's shoulder again, but the Corporal was bobbing about and peering out of the cockpit windows.

"Down to sixty-eight, sir! Sixty-eight and just skipping the main hangar. They ain't shooting now. Just looking up at us."

"Right! Take it, Coyne," ordered Breeze quietly. "Keep your hand on mine and ease her back—ease her back; when you see the runway racing under the leading edge . . . Take it, Coyne!"

The Corporal wound his left arm round Breeze's chest, his right hand on top of the pilot's gloved fist, jerked and pump-handled the control, but somehow the pilot steadied him. The Karigane ballooned off the pressure set up between the wing and the runway, and Breeze eased her back.

"Now! . . . Now, sir!" gushed Coyne. "We're practically—".

The stick went back gently at the right instant, and her tail wheel touched, levering the front wheels down. The Karigane bounced once and tried to ground-loop, but Breeze caught her with an aileron and a punch of rudder. She scraped to a stop.

"Nice flying, Coyne!" said Breeze quietly. "I'll try to turn her and get her back to the hangar. You check me!"

It took fully fifteen minutes to explain everything to the ground crew and get Breeze and Sewell off to the hospital bay. The medical officer kept saying: "It's nothing serious. Temporary blindness caused by the loss of blood and shock. Affects the optic nerves. Form of anaemia which breaks down the blood-picture. He'll be all right!"

Sewell turned on his cot and glanced at Breeze, who was flat on his back. The M.O. had gone out to do a check on Coyne.

"Nice going, Breeze," Sewell said quietly.

The pilot turned and winked: "When did you catch on?" he asked.

"When you jerked at that searchlight. I don't think Coyne knows, though. He thinks he landed that plane."

"Good. Don't ever tell him, will you? He did me a very good turn, back there."

"When he swiped your gun?"

"Yeh! I was pretty low then. I guess I did a job for him, eh?"

"Guys like Coyne," Sewell observed, "win wars, but they never know it—because of guys like you."

(Copyright)

This is 'Grippe' the Gremlin

He's the Gremlin who starts coughs and colds. He causes sore throats, wheezing chests and that nasty "choked-up" feeling. He's particularly busy just now.

But 'Grippe' the Gremlin hasn't a chance against Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH has him beaten from the start, because Y-COUGH soothes inflamed membranes, breaks congestion, clears the head and ends those coughs and colds as fast as 'Grippe' can start them. 1/9 will buy a bottle of Y-Cough from any chemist or store.

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1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS and STORES

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and Nurses are being supplied with Excellent Fitting Sturdy PARAGON Shoes.

So Civilian Supplies are reduced.

But it is worth searching for

PARAGON

"The Shoe Beautiful"

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Lawn beauty for you

● A well-kept lawn is a treat for the eyes as well as an attractive frame for your home . . . know, therefore, how to diagnose its ills, make of it a stream of tender turf.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

IF bare brown patches appeared in your lawns during hot weather, you may depend upon it that these were caused by the fungous parasite known commonly as brown patch.

Treatment consists of watering the patches with 1½oz. of corrosive sublimate and 1½oz. of calomel dissolved in 50 gallons of water. This is sufficient to treat 1000 square feet.

This treatment will also control "dollar spot," another fungous disease that kills grass in small, round patches about one to three inches across.

Black or green scum appears as a thin green covering on dead turf or bare, hard patches. It is usually caused by over-watering or constant dripping from overhanging trees. Control consists of spraying the green patches with corrosive sublimate or forking lightly and then adding a good, well-balanced fertiliser. The lawn drainage is usually faulty in such cases.

Black beetle damage in lawns can be controlled by broadcasting 10lb. of lead arsenate powder to 1000 square feet, followed by heavy watering.

To rid your lawns of anthills, pour a spoonful of carbon bisulphide from a long-stemmed oilcan into each nest, and then cover over with wet bags.

Grass turns light in color, perhaps like hay. The usual cause is infrequent mowing—when it may be termed sunburn—due to cutting long grass short. Mow frequently and the trouble will not occur. To improve the color, broadcast, 15lb. balanced fertiliser per 1000 square feet.

RESTFULNESS is the keynote of a well-kept, green lawn. This can be obtained only by the exercise of constant care and vigilance—plus good feeding, watering, and mowing.

Foundation plantings

MANY gardeners overcrowd their foundation beds by tasteless plantings of unsuitable subjects. Yet it is absurdly easy to add the finishing touches to an expensive home by carefully selecting a few established conifers, flowering trees and shrubs.

In most cases it is advisable to follow local plantings rather than to grab a catalogue and select blindly the species that you want and not the ones you really need.

Nurserymen usually help the home gardener to choose trees suitable to certain types of architecture, soil, situation, and climate, but even their advice should sometimes be accepted with some reserve.

You can't replace it

so protect it!

Add years to the life of your typewriter, tools, and appliances by oiling them regularly with 3-in-One Oil. It lubricates, cleans, prevents rust. Keeps sewing machines, lawn mowers, etc., sweet-running.

3-IN-ONE OIL

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS FOR YOUR DOG

1/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

PROMPT TREATMENT CAN WIN THE BATTLE AGAINST T.B.

● If you are worried about your child consult your doctor immediately; ask for tuberculin and X-ray tests.

By MEDICO

AN anxious-looking mother brought her 16-year-old boy to me the other day.

"I want you to examine his chest, doctor," she said. "I don't know what to think, but Roy is fast losing weight, he seems tired all the time, and he cannot get rid of his cough. Tell me, it's not T.B., doctor . . ."

I broke in on her anxious voice. "Come here, Roy, and let's look you over."

I examined the boy's chest and, not satisfied, arranged for a chest X-ray.

The outcome confirmed the mother's fears—early stages of T.B.—but I assured her that with right treatment and right food, proper rest and fresh air and sunshine, Roy would soon be fighting fit.

The value of routine X-ray of the chest in detecting early trouble while it is in the curative stage has justified the routine X-ray of all children at the age of twelve. This rule especially applies to children who are living in the same house as a sufferer from tuberculosis.

It has been found that within five years of a man or woman developing the disease more than half of the others living in the same home have developed signs of the trouble. Tuberculosis is catching, but resistance can be built-in by good nutrition. It is like the parable of the sower and the seed. The bacteria of tuberculosis fall on stony ground when the body is well nourished.

In this war Britain has been much better nourished (so far) and the increase in T.B. is not so high as in the last war. Reports from Europe this war are scanty, but the available evidence shows that the people of the occupied countries are bearing the brunt of the rise of cases.

This is another reason why Australians should learn the values of food in relation to the needs of their bodies. Good food, providing a higher standard of nutrition, is a sort of insurance policy against the ravages of this disease. So, once again, let me impress on all you mothers the vital importance of keeping your children well nourished.

Since the outbreak of war all recruits for the fighting services have their chests X-rayed as part of their preliminary examination. While only a very small proportion of recruits are found to be positive, we learnt two things:

First, a man or woman can look quite healthy and robust and yet *have early signs which can only be* detected by a chest X-ray.

Second, when early cases are detected by this means, they respond well to treatment.

Actual experience during this war has given strong support to the principle that tuberculosis is curable in the early stages.

The boys in the forces must have plenty of PURE FRESH MILK.

The Quarter-master has many problems on his hands just now. One of them is to provide the boys with absolutely pure, safe milk. That's why large quantities of Trufood Full Cream are needed to help win the war so we ask you to buy no more than you actually need so that there'll be enough to go round. Trufood is on active service now.

★

Victory is in your pocket —buy 5/- National Savings Stamps

TF.56.26

The most important war weapons are Planes, Ships Tanks, Guns and FOOD!

Events are moving swiftly towards the fulfilment of Mr. Churchill's prophecy that 1944 would be "the climax year of the war." And while Australian and Allied fighting men are all out on the different battlefronts of the world, we, in the cities and towns of Australia, must also go all out on the food front. Our commercial food producers must aim at absolute maximum production. Our backyards must be made to produce food — to grow vegetables, in any case, and, wherever possible to raise fowls too. In our kitchens also we must use carefully every ounce of precious food that comes into the home, buy no more than is necessary, don't let what we have spoil, and use up all "left-overs." In fact, when we are buying, cooking and eating, let us constantly bear in mind that Food is a most important weapon of war!

FOOD WILL SPEED THE FINISH

Issued by Commonwealth Food Control. F21.47

Miss Precious Minutes says:

YOUR TWO-PIECE will wear longer, look better, if you air and brush it, clean and press it regularly. Better, too, for you.

LEATHER or felt belt studded with brass paper fasteners is smart with plain navy. Pierce holes with awl, steel knitting needle, or skewer.

★ ★ ★

NEW glass cups will stand up to wear better if you put them into cold water and bring water to boil. Place folded cloth in bottom of saucepan and see that water covers cups.

★ ★ ★

"YOUR slip's showing, dear . . ." I'm told that artificial silk slips will not drop at sides if ironed from the centre of front to the centre of back, not ironed from side seam to side seam.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

famous FOOD PRODUCTS CONDIMENTS & DELICACIES are coming . . . .

C&B

WITH VICTORY

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Encore DISHES

● Hoard precious tit-bits, scrape the plate and platter clean. Every mickle adds up and can make an elegant whole. It was good at first service and it can be better at second because it's spiced with imagination and seasoned with loving care.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

LEFT-OVERS! You'd never dream it. Miniature meat loaves from the butt-end of the week-end roast . . . chokoes, stuffed with crumbs, relished with tomato chutney . . . peppers filled with creamed vegetables, sharpened with a hint of cheese.

THAT spot of white sauce over to-night can be whipped into to-morrow's creamed carrots.

The gravy at the bottom of the pan is rich with browned juices . . . add it to next day's soup.

Talking about soup, nary a bone must be wasted. Into the stock pot it goes . . . winter's on the way and steaming soup on the menu outwits the coldest weather.

Bread in the crock and it's going stale. Slice to wafer thinness, toast, and put away in the biscuit tin . . . it's fairy toast for dinner at night.

The dry butt-end of a pound of cheese in the safe . . . grate every scrap of it. It gives a delicious brown crust to an au gratin dish, sharpens the flavor of roast pumpkin, or gives a new distinction to the crust of an apple pie.

They didn't eat up all the spinach . . . spoonfuls of it dipped in cheese-flavored batter, and deep-fried, taste better than the first service.

Be clever at calculating vegetable quantities, as twice-cooked vegetables have little more value than cottonwool. Whip them up in a salad mayonnaise if they are over . . . although to lots of us bubble and squeak has a pleasant nostalgic Saturday-night-at-home taste.

These left-overs, by the way, are not just family-only make-do dishes. They can be as chic, as recherche, as you like to make them.

Here are some taste-provoking ideas that couple elegance with economy:

Creamed lamb, flavored with chopped capsicum and served piping hot in cheese pastry cases.

Left-over vegetables, diced, folded into a curry sauce and served with a border of creamed potatoes, and well smothered with freshly chopped parsley.

Stale breadcrumbs, soaked in tart rhubarb juice, heated, and served topped with lemon-flavored cream sauce.

Flaked, cooked fish folded into fritter batter, deep-fried in fuming fat, and served with cucumber sauce.

Apple puree whipped into a cornflour custard, moulded and crusted, after turning out, with caramelised sugar.

Left-over vegetables heated with slivers of grated cheese and piled on hot toast.

Thinly sliced stale cake, toasted to crispness and topped with spoonfuls of stewed apple or rhubarb and dusted with spice.

SAVORY CHOKOES

Four chokoes, 2 cups of breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tomato, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, pinch of spice, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon or more grated cheese, milk or stock.

Cut the chokoes in halves and peel, or if young and tender the outside skin may be left on. Place in pan with small quantity of salted water, cover tightly, and cook until barely tender, about 10 minutes. Drain carefully. While cooking, soak bread in milk or stock and combine with onion, peeled and chopped tomato, salt, pepper, spice, and herbs. Heat this seasoning thoroughly and pile into slightly scooped chokoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and lightly brown under griller or in oven. Serve as vegetable entree or on dinner-plate. For four to six.

PEA-POD SOUP

Two pints or pea-pods (the fleshy, garden ones), 1 onion, sprig of mint, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1oz. butter, margarine or dripping, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 4 cups hot stock made from left-over meat bones and scraps, or use strained vegetable water.

Wash and dry the shells. Melt fat in saucepan and saute the shells and sliced onion gently for a few minutes, not allowing to brown. Pour on the hot stock, add mint, sugar, and pepper and salt. Cook gently until pods are tender, about 30 minutes. Rub through a sieve, return to pan and reheat. Blend flour thinly with a little cold milk. Add to soup and simmer a few minutes. Stir in rest of milk. Correct seasoning. Serve steaming hot with croutons of fried bread.

LETTUCE SOUP

About 3 cups shredded outer leaves of lettuce, finely sliced medium onion, 1 tablespoon margarine or good beef dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 cups stock (vegetable or meat), 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, pinch of dried herbs, ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, fried bread sippets.

Saute the lettuce and onion in the heated fat for a few minutes without browning. Add the sugar, salt, pepper, herbs, and stock, and simmer until the lettuce is tender, about 15 minutes. Blend flour to smooth paste with milk, stir into soup gradually and simmer gently for 3 minutes. Add parsley and correct seasoning to taste. Serve steaming hot with fried bread sippets. For four to six.

STUFFED PEPPERS

Cut the tops off the peppers or slice them in two lengthwise and remove the inner fibres and seeds. Drop into boiling water, simmer 2 or 3 minutes, stand 10 minutes in hot water, and then drain.

Fill with prepared mixture and serve at once, or bake for 10 minutes or cook in casserole with small quantity of stock for 30 minutes. Suggested stuffings for 6 peppers:—

Cheese forcemeat, using 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, and 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, salt, and little milk.

Cream vegetable stuffing, using 2 cups diced cooked vegetables, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Meat filling, using 1 cup cooked meat, finely minced and seasoned, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon herbs, 1 minced onion, milk.

Shrimp filling, using 2 cups cooked shelled prawns, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

AU GRATIN MEDLEY

Two cups left-over vegetables, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 red pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 2 cups white sauce, 2 to 3 tablespoons finely grated cheese.

Combine the vegetables, breadcrumbs, chopped parboiled pepper, and onion.

Place in layers with sauce in a greased ovenproof dish, or in individual dish. Top with grated cheese. Reheat in hot oven (400 deg. F.) until hot, sizzling, and lightly browned. For four.

MINCEMEAT PUFTALOONS

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ cup warm water, 1 cup minced cooked meat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Sift flour and salt. Mix in beaten egg-yolk and warm water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Add meat, onion, and parsley. Add another tablespoon of warm water, if necessary, to mix to a smooth drop consistency. Deep-fry spoonfuls in fuming fat for 3 to 5 minutes until a golden brown. Drain and serve hot with savory sauce. For four.

BREAKFAST FLAPJACKS

Three tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, ½ cup warm milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup diced left-over vegetables, little chopped bacon if available.

Sift flour and mix to a smooth batter with melted butter and milk. Season and add parsley, vegetables, and bacon. Cook in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or heavy frying-pan, turning to brown. Serve hot and freshly made. For four.

MINIATURE MEAT LOAVES

Two cups minced cooked meat, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup thick brown gravy, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, 1 grated raw turnip, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, browned breadcrumbs, pepper, salt.

Grease three or four miniature loaf-tins or use a bar-tin. Thickly coat with browned breadcrumbs. Combine meat, breadcrumbs, gravy, herbs, turnip, onion, and parsley, mixing well. Pile into prepared tins and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Turn out and serve hot with vegetables.

Corned beef is excellent in this recipe. Flavor with mustard if available, and serve hot with a chutney-flavored sauce. If corned mutton is used, bind with creamed sauce and add a hint of spice.

SAVORY CABBAGE WEDGES

Four service-sized wedges of cabbage, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup minced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chutney, browned crumbs or grated cheese.

Prepare the cabbage in melon-wedge shapes, removing heart and reserving for salad. Cook the wedges whole in large pan or casserole with a small quantity of salted water until just tender. Carefully drain without breaking, and place on greased ovenproof dish. Combine potato, minced meat, onion, parsley, and chutney, season to taste, and pile on to cabbage wedges. Sprinkle with browned crumbs or grated cheese, dot with a little beef dripping, and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) until lightly browned. Serve very hot.

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Simple recipes win prizes

● Readers share simple methods that make the most of war-shortened supplies . . . Send your entry in to our weekly recipe contest . . . Let it win you a cash prize!

YOUR schoolgirl daughter could easily make the digestive biscuits. Orange or lemon rind or a faint flavor of spices may be added or the sugar omitted and cheese or celery salt added for a savory result.

The choko-orange honey is delicious on hot toast or for sweet sandwiches. Try a new variation of French toast . . . a brown bread sandwich, using choko honey, dipped in milk, fried, and served as a dinner sweet.

The salad dressing and coleslaw are sent in by an American lad. He assures me salad and apple-pie are the two first meal favorites with the American Army.

DIGESTIVE BISCUITS

Three ounces flour, 3oz. fine oatmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. lard, 2oz. sugar, milk to mix.

Put oatmeal and flour into a basin, add salt, rub in lard till fine like crumbs, add sugar. Mix well. Make a very stiff dough, turn on to a floured board, roll out thinly, cut with a biscuit cutter, place on a greased tray, prick with a fork, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. When cool, pack in tins.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. Brassell, 60 Terry Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

CHOKO-ORANGE HONEY

Peel and cut into small squares 12 chokoes. Put into a dish and cover with 1 cup sugar, juice 3 oranges, and 1 cup water. Stand 12 hours. Next day put into preserving pan and boil for 1 hour. Then add shredded rind 2 oranges, 2 cups sugar, a little preserved ginger (may be omitted), and boil till it jells when tested. It should be a dark honey color and is delicious.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McLeod, 113 Frederick St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

AMERICAN SALAD DRESSING

One gill vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 flat teaspoon salt, 1 flat teaspoon mustard (dry), 1 egg, 1oz. butter or special margarine.

Mix together flour, sugar, salt, mustard; mix to a thick cream with a little cold water, add vinegar. Mix well. Put into a saucepan, bring to the boil, cook several minutes, stirring all the time, pour in mixture of beaten egg, add butter and beat well. Cool and bottle, thin down with a little milk before using.

Remember always to put dressing on salad immediately before serving.

Coleslaw salad: ½ cabbage, 1 or 2 sticks of celery, 1 chopped apple, salad dressing.

Wash cabbage well in cold water, cut in half, and take off all dry or withered leaves, cut away hard stalk, put in cold place, if possible in ice-chest. To get crisp, cut across with a knife into very thin shreds. Wash and scrape celery, cut into mixed slices, and mix with cabbage. Add sliced apple. Pour over dressing and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Pte. Allen Miller, 74 South Terrace, Adelaide.

LUNCHEON SANDWICH FILLING

Soak two thick slices of stale bread in cold water. Place 1lb. sausage meat in a basin. Add a rasher of bacon cut into small pieces, 1 grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, sprinkle of pepper, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon tomato or Worcestershire sauce, and the bread with water squeezed out. Mix all ingredients together, then place basin over a saucepan of boiling water. Cover closely and steam for 2½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joyce Coulton, 11 Oaks St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

SAVE FUEL by cooking two or three types of vegetables in one pan. To keep separate use linen bags. Marta Linden, MGM player, uses this kitchen trick.

SAVE TIME and avoid before-dinner rush by preparing vegetables such as peas and beans a few days in advance. Store in tightly lidded jars in cold place. Peas will keep at least a fortnight in refrigerator.

THIS IS ANTHONY BURRETT, 13-months-old son of Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Burrett, 519 New South Head Road, Edgecliff, N.S.W. Tony has always attended the Truby King Mothercraft centre at Double Bay. He talked long before he could walk and chatters away gaily to Sister Hall when he visits the clinic.

Learning to speak

By SISTER MARY JACOB

AS a general rule, a baby learns to play, to crawl, and to walk before it learns to speak.

An infant practises many inarticulate sounds before he arrives at speech. Always remember this: You and those nearest to your babe should speak correctly. Baby is one of the greatest of imitators, and your articulation, your enunciation, will be copied by him. If you speak badly, so will he.

Parents and friends should never laugh at or make fun of baby's first attempts to talk, as it has been proved that this often delays speech, especially in the case of a very sensitive child.

A leaflet dealing with speech and simple speech defects has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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ACTIVE MINDS — HEALTHY BODIES

They need these "Build-up Breakfasts"

The active minds and restless energy of youth make terrific demands on the growing child. That's why every mother should watch her children's diet and see that it provides all those vital, body-building elements doctors say are absolutely essential to good health. . . .

Pure, whole-wheat foods such as WEET-BIX and GRANOSE Whole Wheat Biscuits, and BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes provide these elements in abundance — and for this reason alone should be on every breakfast table.

Carefully cooked and toasted each delicious, honey-coloured flake is really a whole wheat grain, especially prepared and flavoured to appeal to healthy young appetites—and in such a way that the natural goodness of the grain is retained almost completely. With hot or cold milk you'll find any one of these three famous Build-Up Breakfasts hard to beat—so start serving your favourite *tomorrow*. You'll find it a good idea, too, to add a sprinkling of SAN-BRAN, the natural laxative breakfast food, for regularity. All grocers sell these Sanitarium Health Food Products.

Wheat is a man's most vital food, containing **(1) BRAN** for regularity, **(2) CARBOHYDRATES** for energy, **(3) PROTEINS** for growth and **(4) MINERAL SALTS** for rich red blood. For this reason one of these vital wheat foods should be served *regularly* on every breakfast table — particularly where there are children.

Listen-in to Winifred Wiseman and her "Kommonsense Kitchen Klub" twice every week over your local station.

WH 134-3513

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